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VOL. 9 - NO. 3

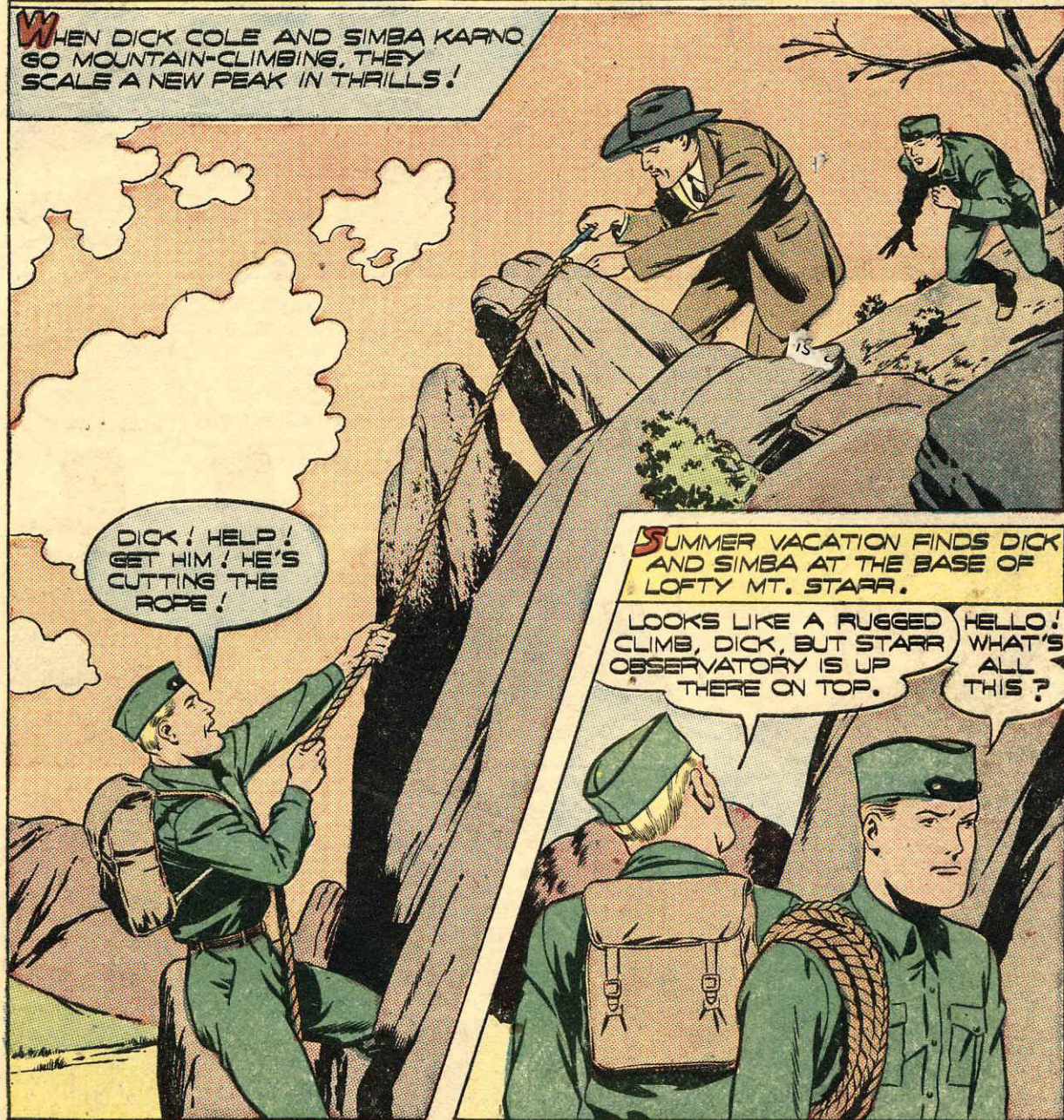




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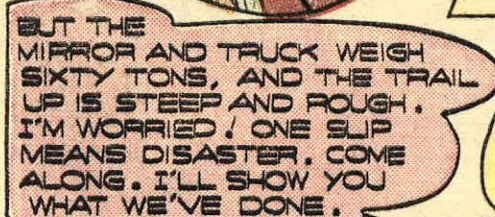
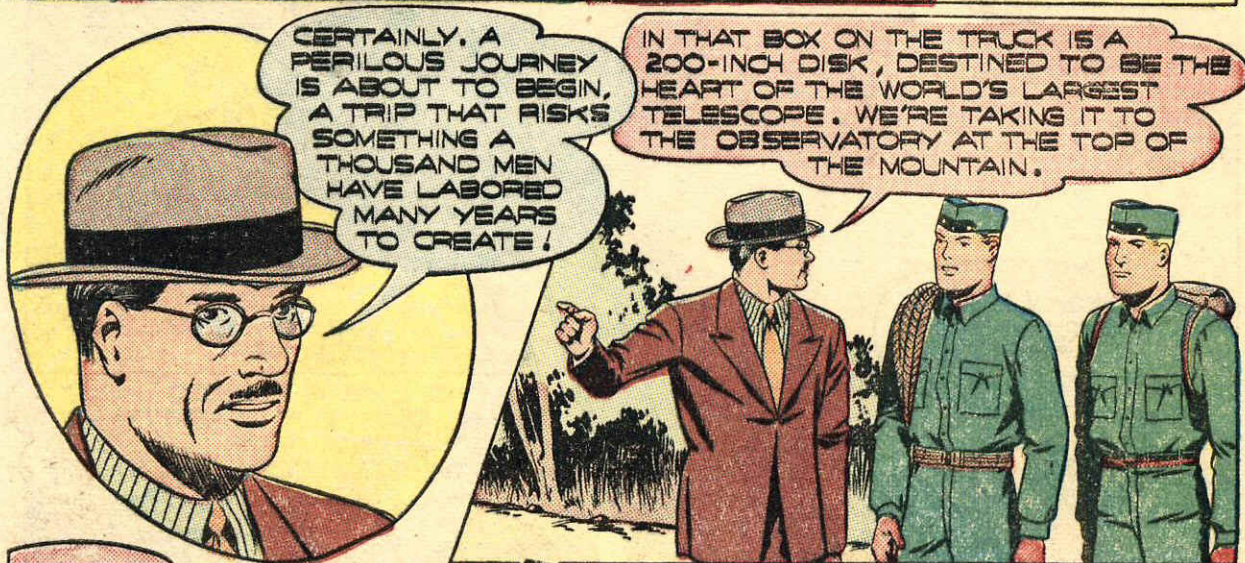
DICK COLE

WHEN DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO GO MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING, THEY SCALE A NEW PEAK IN THRILLS!

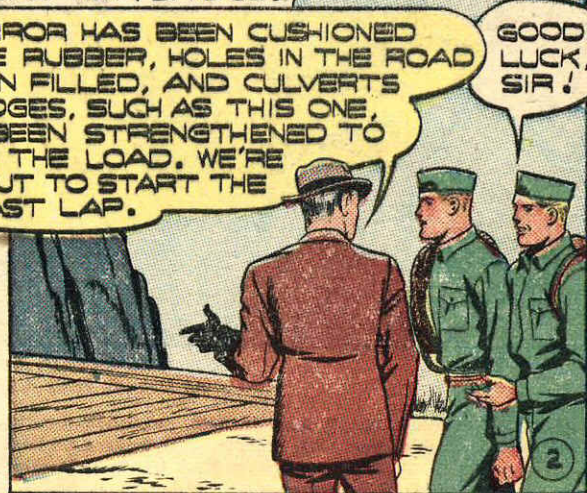


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Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

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THE TRIO WALK A FEW HUNDRED FEET UP THE ROAD TO A BRIDGE.



AFTER PROFESSOR JASPER LEAVES...

COME ON DOWN, SIMBA.
LET'S SEE HOW THE
BRIDGE HAS BEEN
REINFORCED.
MIGHT COME IN
HANDY IN FIELD
MANEUVERS AT
FARR.

SIMBA
JOINS DICK.

THIS BRIDGE WOULDN'T HOLD THE
TRUCK WITHOUT THESE EXTRA
TIMBERS.

SLAP!

GREAT
SCOTT! I DIDN'T SMACK THAT HARD
AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED! THE
BRIDGE ISN'T SAFE AT ALL!

CRACK!

SQUE-E-E-

DICK AND SIMBA DASH TO THE ROAD.

STOP!
STOP THE
TRUCK!

WOW! IF THE
TRUCK CROSSES
THAT BRIDGE,
IT'LL CRASH SURE,
AND THE MIRROR
WILL BE
SMASHED!

HOLD
UP,
DRIVER,
TILL I
SEE WHAT
HE WANTS.

SOON...

THE BRIDGE WON'T TAKE THE LOAD!
SOMEBODY HAS LOOSENED THE
REINFORCING TIMBERS, PROFESSOR!

GOOD
HEAVENS!

SABOTAGE! WE'LL
WAIT HERE UNTIL THE
ENGINEERS REPAIR
THE BRIDGE AND
TEST THE OTHER
BRIDGES UP AHEAD!

SIMBA AND
I'LL KEEP
AN EYE
PEELED FOR
SABOTEURS
AS WE CLIMB
THE MOUNTAIN,
SIR.

THE BOYS WORK
THEIR WAY HIGH
UP ON MT.
STARR.

DON'T
ASK ME.
(PUFF)
I'M GETTIN'
TOO (PUFF)
WINDED TO
(PUFF)
THINK!

I DON'T GET IT,
SIMBA! WHY
WOULD ANYONE
WANT TO DESTROY
SUCH A WONDERFUL
INSTRUMENT?

NEAR THE TOP THEY ENCOUNTER A
SHEEP WALL OF ROCK.

NOW
WHAT,
RICHARD?
DO WE
SPROUT
WINGS?

YOU'RE NOT
QUITE THAT
ANGELIC,
SIMBA. LET'S
TRY THE ROPE!

DICK
UNCOILS
THE ROPE,
TAKES
AIM, AND
GIVES A
MIGHTY
HEAVE.

AHA!
BULL'S-EYE!
SNAGGED
THAT
LEDGE!

THIS'LL GET ME
HALFWAY UP. WHEN
I REACH THE TOP,
I'LL DROP THE
ROPE TO YOU.

CAREFUL,
DICK! IF
THAT ROPE
SLIPS...
CURTAINS!

FIVE MINUTES
OF STRENUOUS
EFFORT AND
DICK REACHES
THE LEDGE.

HERE, HE
LOOSENS THE
ROPE, TOSSES
IT OVER A
STILL HIGHER
PROJECTION,
AND DRAWS
HIMSELF UP.

THUS HE
CONTINUES THE
PERILOUS CLIMB
UNTIL FINALLY
HE REACHES
THE TOP.

NOT PAUSING TO CATCH HIS BREATH, DICK TOSSES THE ROPE
TO SIMBA. IT JUST REACHES.

ALL SET, SIMBA?
UP YOU COME!

BLAST IT! WHERE
DID HE DROP FROM?

DICK
TURNS
AND SEES...

SAY! WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF THE
DYNAMITE?

UH...DON'T GET
EXCITED. I'M...UH...
JUST A PROSPECTOR.

YOU CAN'T BLAST
HERE! THE WHOLE
FACE OF THE CLIFF
WILL CRASH DOWN
ON THE ROAD
BELOW!

RUN ALONG,
KID. I DON'T
WANT TO BE
BOtherED.

I WARN YOU.
YOU'D BETTER
STOP! DON'T
TRY TO LIGHT
THAT FUSE!

WELL, KID, YOU'RE
ASKING FOR IT.
TOO BAD!

**MENACINGLY, THE STRANGER
ADVANCES...**

THIS LITTLE
GADGET'LL SPEAK UP FAST AND
LOUD IF YOU TRY TO STOP THE
EXPLOSION,
BUB!

I'VE PLAYED
QUARTERBACK LONG
ENOUGH TO KNOW
WHEN TO KICK,
MISTER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR
GAME IS, BUT **THIS** SHOULD
END IT **NOW!**

SOC!

ZING

5

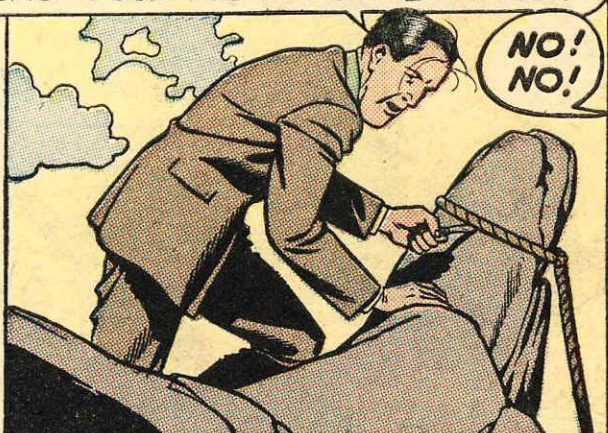
Q No. 2. What position and team do you associate with the name Lujack?

GOMING TO HIS KNEES, THE MAN WHIPS A KNIFE FROM UNDER HIS COAT.



AND AS DICK PICKS UP THE GUN...

GIVE ME THAT GUN, QUICK, OR I'LL SLASH THE ROPE! YOUR FRIEND WILL DROP 2000 FEET INTO THE VALLEY!



WHAT'S YOUR GAME ANYHOW? YOU'RE NO PROSPECTOR!



AS THE STRANGER TALKS, DICK SNAPS A MATCHSTICK AND FURTIVELY INSERTS IT INTO THE GUN, HOPING TO JAM THE TRIGGER ACTION.

RIGHT. I'M PROFESSOR DIGGS... A BITTER MAN! FOR YEARS I WORKED WITH PROFESSOR JASPER, HELPED HIM TO MAKE THE OBSERVATORY FAMOUS... AND NOW? NOW I'M MERELY AN OUTCAST ASTRONOMER!



SOUNDS LIKE VOICES ABOVE. I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?

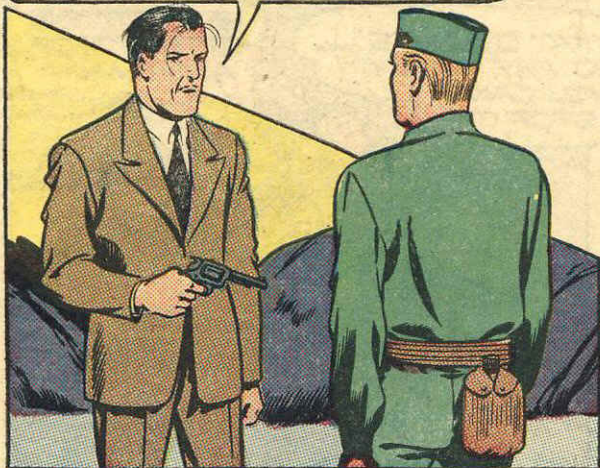


AND JUST BECAUSE JASPER CAUGHT ME TAKING SOME PETTY FUNDS! BUT I'LL GET MY REVENGE! I'LL DESTROY HIS PRECIOUS DISK. HOWEVER, YOUR FRIEND WILL PERISH FIRST, UNLESS...

OKAY, DIGGS. YOU WIN!... HERE'S YOUR GUN.



MY PLOT TO WRECK THE BRIDGE FAILED, THANKS TO YOU, BUT MY DYNAMITE CHARGE WON'T!



HA! HERE COMES THE TRUCK NOW! OUT OF MY WAY! I'LL CRUSH IT WITH AN AVALANCHE!



DIGGS RUSHES TO LIGHT THE DYNAMITE.

THE FUSE SPUTTERS LIKE A VENOMOUS SNAKE.

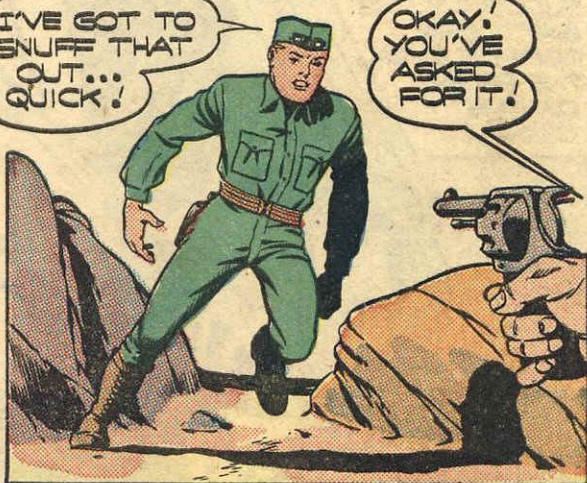
DON'T! YOU'LL KILL SIMBA, AND ALL THE OTHERS...AND ALSO RUIN A PRICELESS INSTRUMENT.

JUST TRY TO STOP ME!



I'VE GOT TO SNUFF THAT OUT... QUICK!

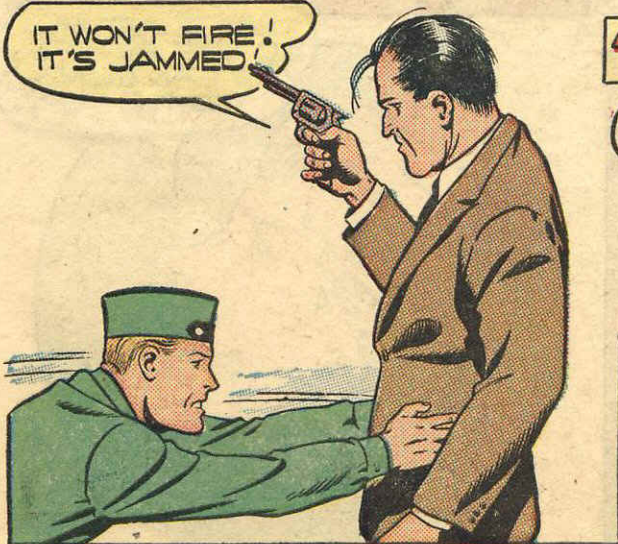
OKAY! YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT!



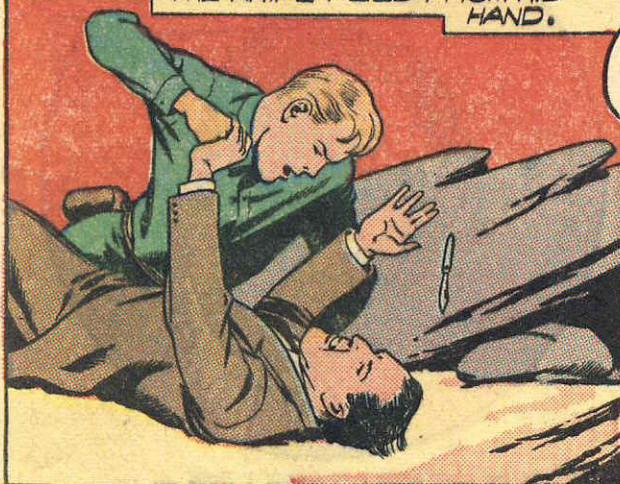
IT WON'T FIRE! IT'S JAMMED!

AS DICK TACKLES HIM, DIGGS DROPS HIS GUN AND DRAWS HIS KNIFE.

THIS KNIFE'LL BE JAMMED TOO... RIGHT INTO YOU!



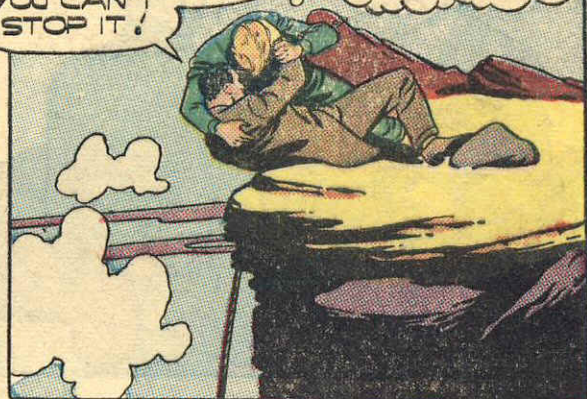
AS THEY CRASH TO THE GROUND, DIGGS'S ELBOW CONTACTS A ROCK. THE KNIFE FLIES FROM HIS HAND.



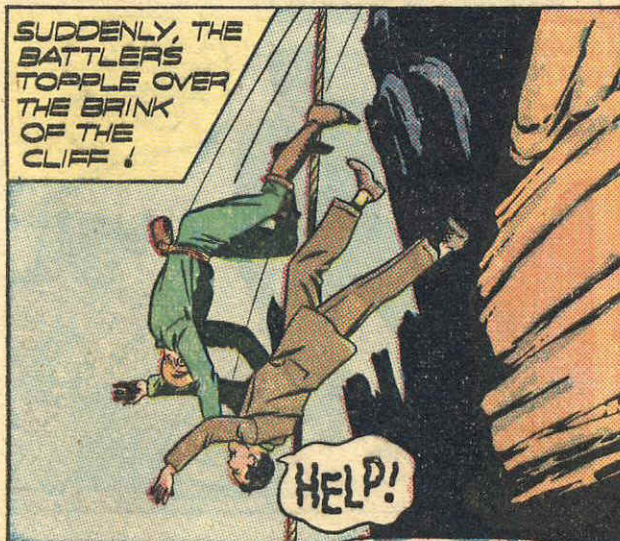
STRUGGLING IN DESPERATE COMBAT, THEY ROLL TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

THAT DYNAMITE 'LL GO ANY MOMENT! YOU CAN'T STOP IT!

HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A MADMAN!



SUDDENLY, THE BATTLERS TOPPLE OVER THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF!



HELP!

DICK CLUTCHES DESPERATELY AT THE ROPE SIMBA IS CLIMBING, AS DIGGS HURTTLES DOWN TO HIS DOOM.



STEADY, DICK! I GOT YOU!

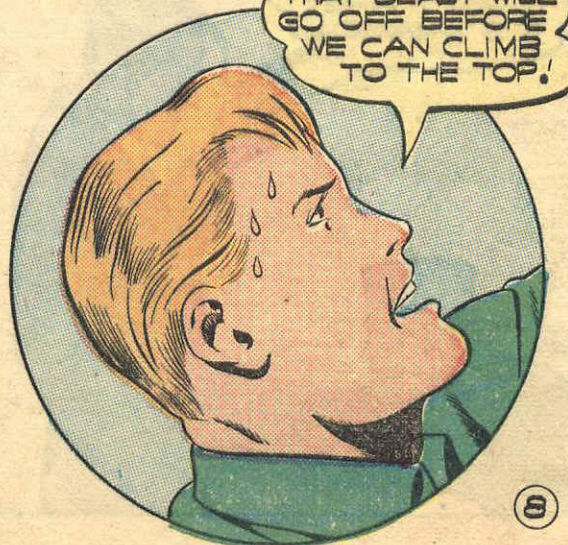
SHRIE-E-K-

SO ARE WE, I'M AFRAID!

DICK! HE..HE'S GONE! UG-GH!

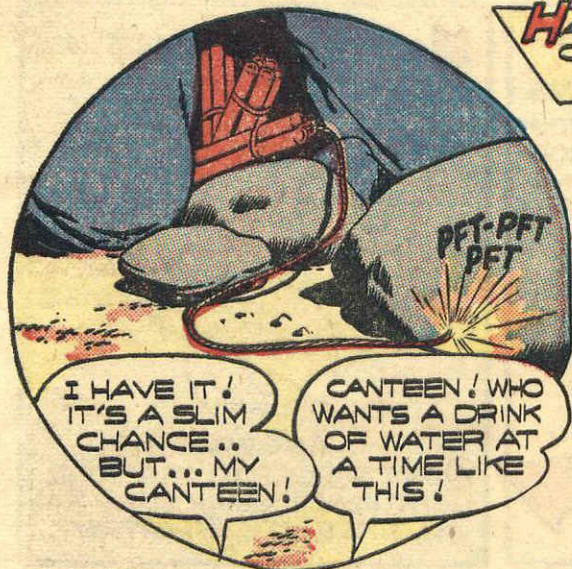


THAT BLAST WILL GO OFF BEFORE WE CAN CLIMB TO THE TOP!



6

A No. 3. Snuff is pulverized tobacco. Men of the 17th and 18th centuries indulged freely.



I HAVE IT!
IT'S A SLIM
CHANCE..
BUT... MY
CANTEEN!

CANTEEN! WHO
WANTS A DRINK
OF WATER AT
A TIME LIKE
THIS!

DICK'S
AMAZINGLY ACCURATE
THROW DOES
THE TRICK!



CROSS YOUR FINGERS,
SIMBA! IF WE'RE
LUCKY... WE LIVE!

HANGING BY ONE HAND, DICK UNSCREWS THE
CAP OF HIS CANTEEN WITH HIS TEETH, AND
FLINGS THE CANTEEN UPWARDS.

ZING!

OH BOY! LADY
LUCK BE WITH
US!



IF IT LANDS
ON THE RIGHT
SPOT, JUST
ABOVE THE
FUSE, THE
WATER WILL
GUSH DOWN
THE SLOPE
AND PUT IT
OUT!

QUICKLY, SIMBA AND DICK SKIN UP THE
ROPE TO THE CLIFF'S LEDGE.

HURRAY! WE MADE IT, SIMBA!
THE FUSE IS OUT! THE DISK
IS SAVED!

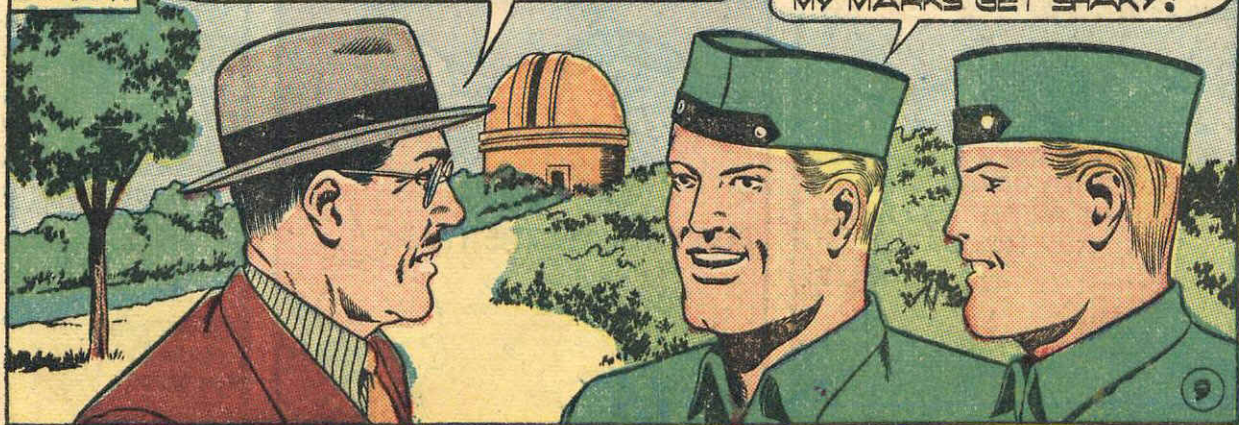
WHEW!
I FEEL
WEAK!



LATER,
ATOP
MT.
STARR.

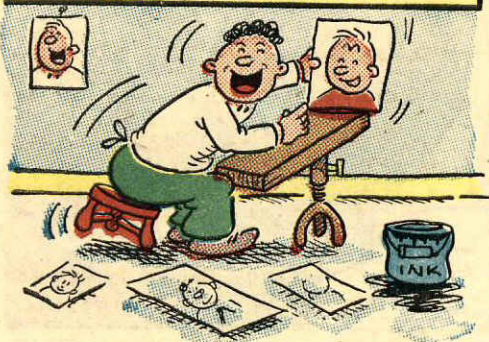
PITIFUL ABOUT DIGGS'S TRAGIC
END! BUT YOU LADS PERFORMED
A GREAT SERVICE FOR SCIENCE!
I AM INDEED GRATEFUL TO YOU.

THANKS, PROFESSOR. PUT
THAT IN WRITING AND I'LL
SHOW IT TO OUR SCIENCE
INSTRUCTOR THE NEXT TIME
MY MARKS GET SHAKY!



EASY CARTOONING

by MILT HAMMER.



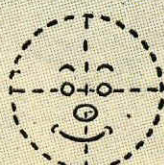
LESSON 5 MORE EXPRESSIONS.

NOW THAT YOU ALL KNOW HOW TO DRAW SOME EXPRESSIONS, LET'S GO ON WITH A FEW MORE.

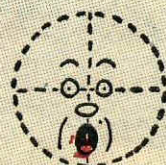
THIS IS ANOTHER VERY IMPORTANT LESSON, SO WATCH VERY CLOSELY...



HERE ARE NEW EXPRESSIONS TO TRY...



SMILE

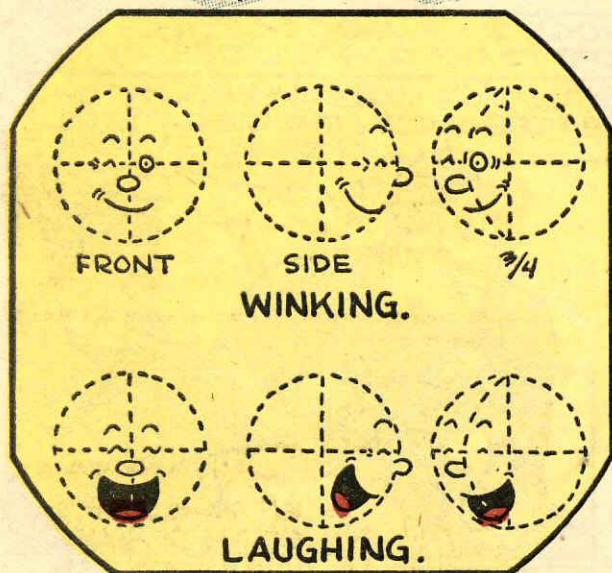


SURPRISE

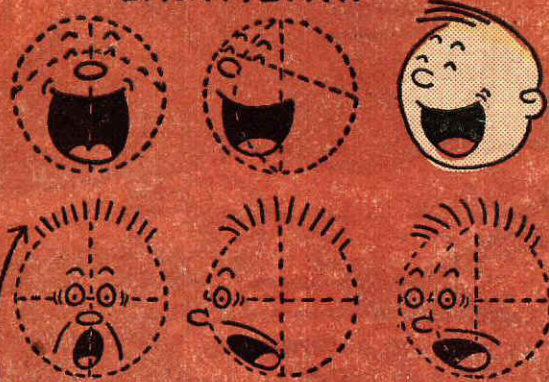


ANGER

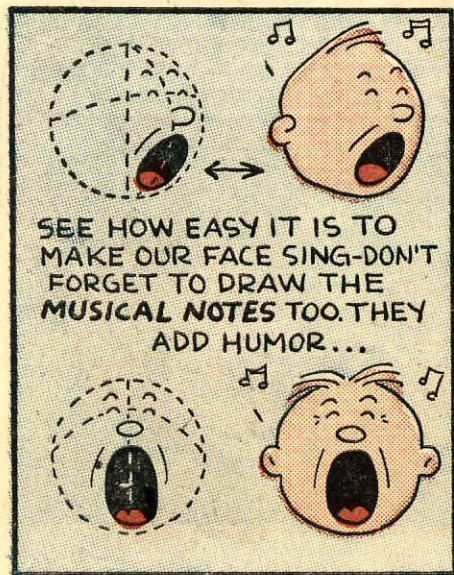
DON'T FORGET TO USE YOUR LIGHT PENCIL GUIDE LINES AT ALL TIMES—IT'S IMPORTANT...



IF YOU REALLY WANT YOUR CARTOON FACE TO LAUGH—TILT THE HEAD BACK A BIT...



PUTTING TERROR ON YOUR FACE—NOTICE HOW WE DRAW HAIR...



HERE'S THE WAY OUR KID BROTHER ACTS WHEN WE TAKE AWAY HIS ICE CREAM CONE...



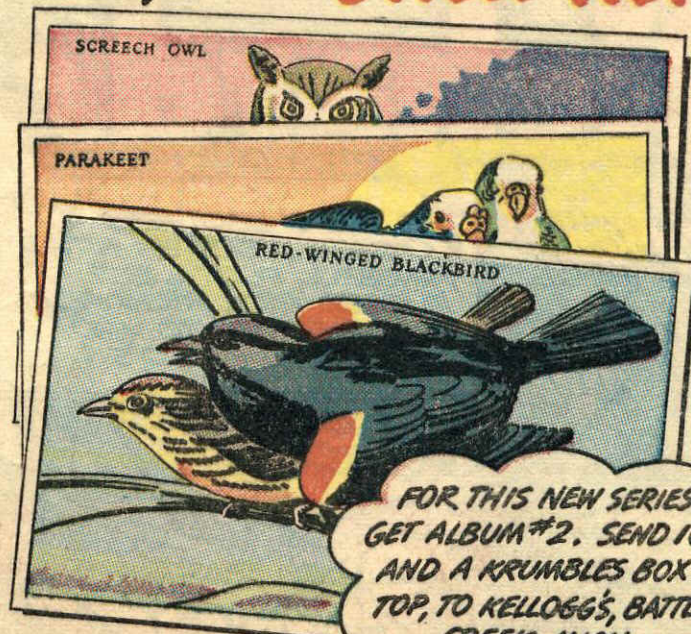
EXPRESSIONS AREN'T SO HARD TO DRAW—HERE'S A GOOD IDEA—LOOK IN A MIRROR AND MAKE YOUR OWN FUNNY EXPRESSIONS. THEN DRAW SOME OF THEM ON SCRAP PAPER. WATCH YOUR FRIENDS' EXPRESSIONS AND DRAW THEM TOO.

THANKS FOR YOUR MANY LETTERS, I APPRECIATE THEM.

~ ~ ~

Look, kids! **SWELL NEW BIRD PICTURES**

*24 birds to get!
Start collecting now!*



Glorious red-winged blackbird, pet parakeets, wise old screech owl—birds you may already know and love! True-to-life pictures in natural, glowing color with the story of each bird given on the back. Each picture 2½ x 4½ inches. You'll want all twenty-four to save and swap!

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GET ALBUM #2. SEND 10¢
AND A KRUMBLES BOX
TOP, TO KELLOGG'S, BATTLE
CREEK, MICH.

These prizes are enclosed in packages of Kellogg's Krumbles sold in U. S. only.

Kellogg's KRUMBLES — picture in every package



HEY—HOW COME
YOU DREW FIVE
LEGS ON THAT
DOG, HUH ???

OH, JUST IN
CASE HE BREAKS
ONE !!!

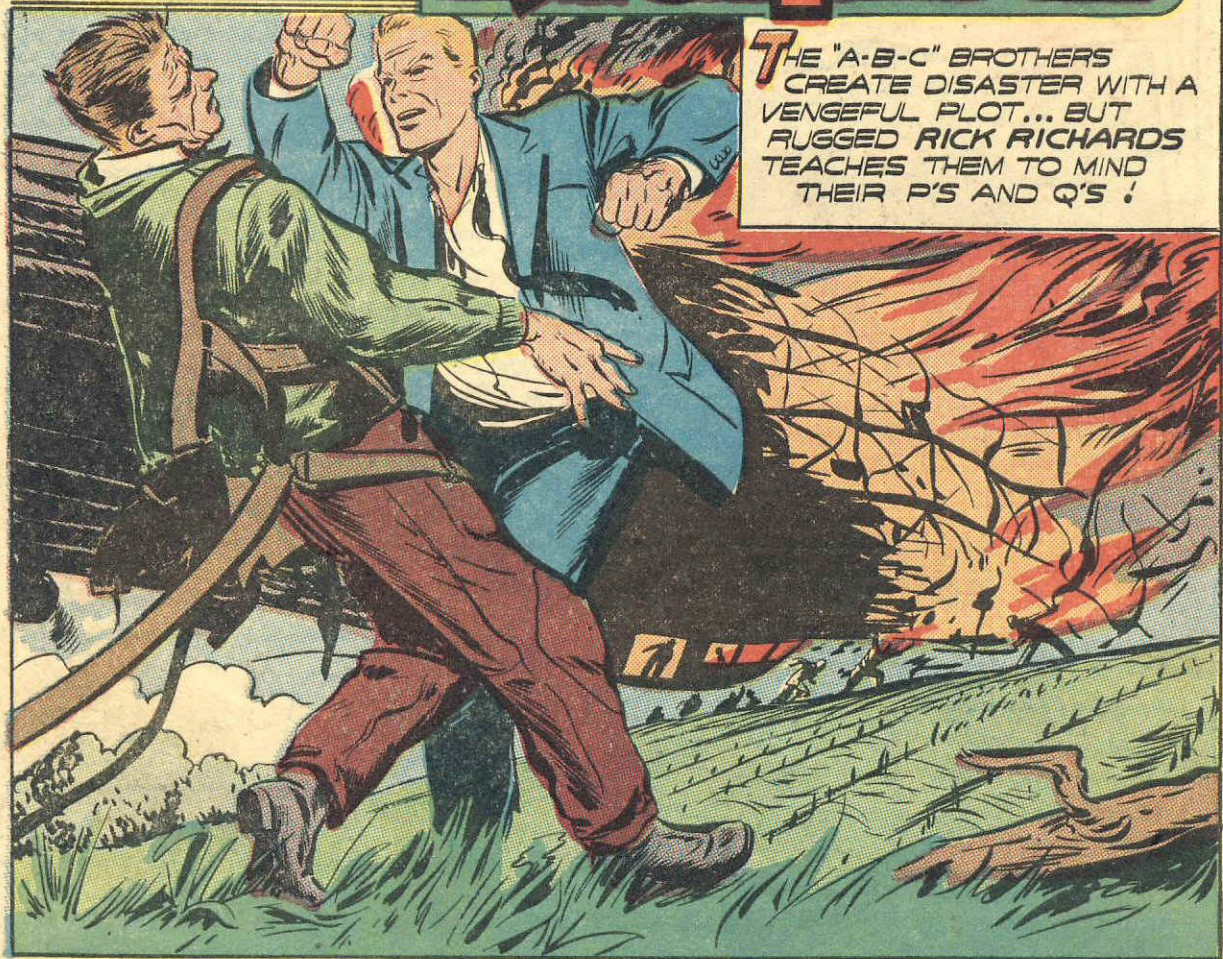


WHY D'YA SAY
IT DOESN'T PAY
TO BE THRIFTY?

'CAUSE WHEN I TOOK
BIG STEPS TO SAVE
MY NEW SIX-DOLLAR
SHOES, I FELL DOWN
AND TORE MY EIGHT-
DOLLAR PANTS !!!

MILT HAMMER

Rick Richards



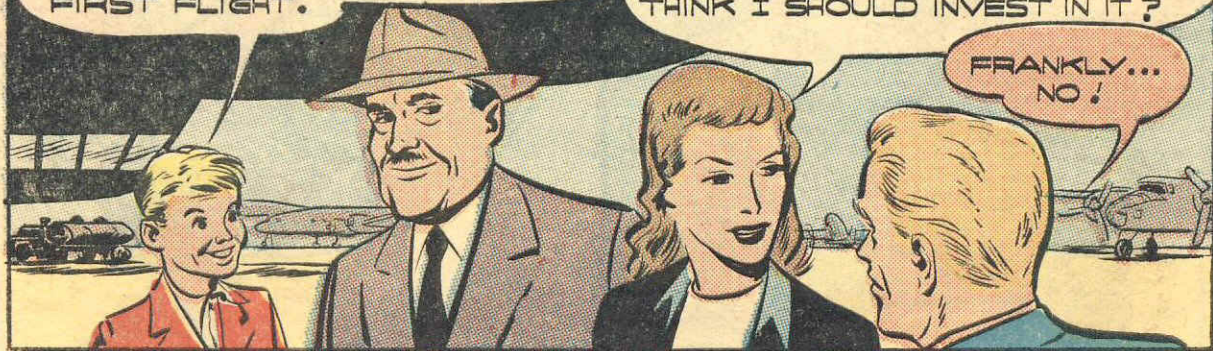
THE "A-B-C" BROTHERS
CREATE DISASTER WITH A
VENGEFUL PLOT... BUT
RUGGED RICK RICHARDS
TEACHES THEM TO MIND
THEIR P'S AND Q'S !

RICK BIDS FAREWELL TO ANN AND TOMMY BANKER AND THEIR UNCLE JED.

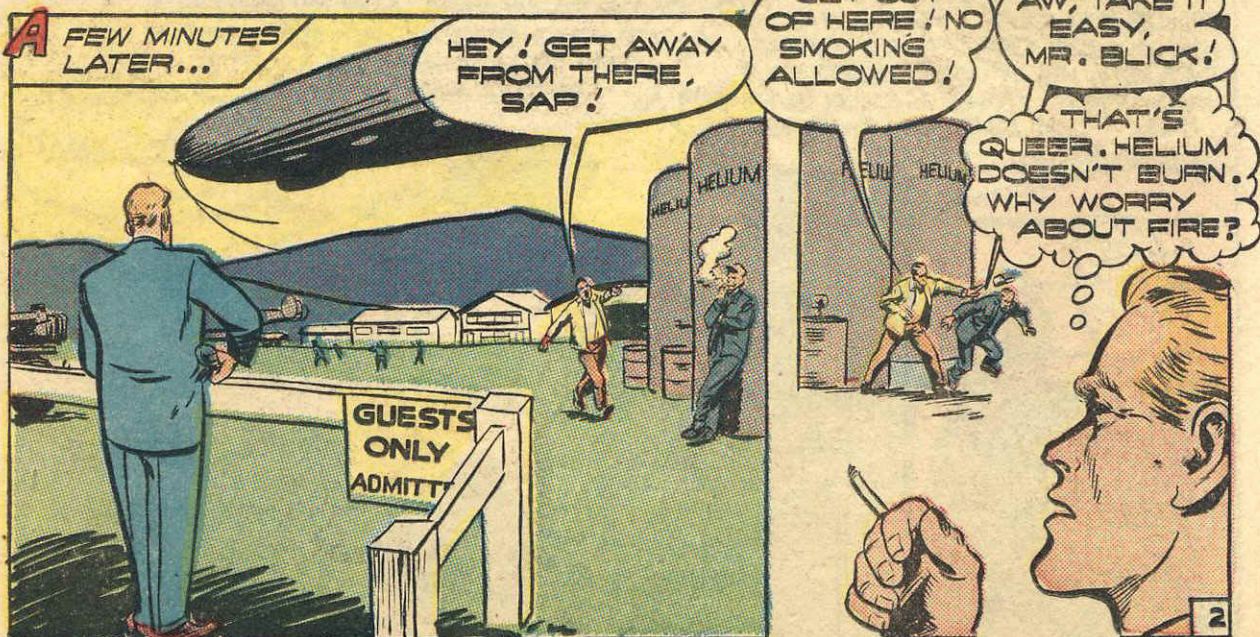
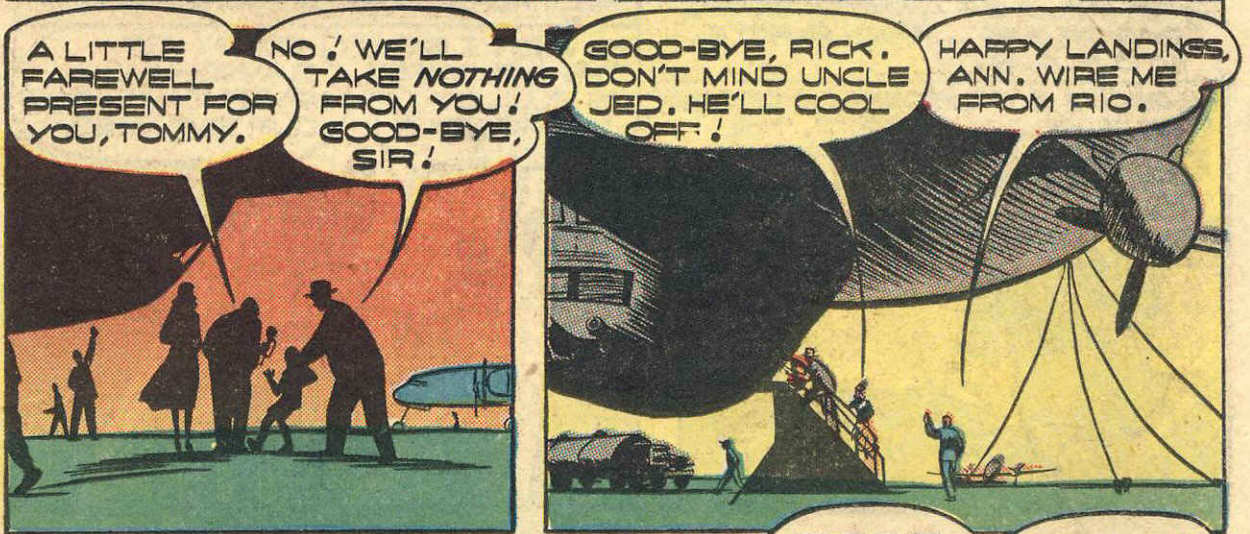
WE'RE OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA,
RICK ! IT'S THE AIR QUEEN'S
FIRST FLIGHT.

UNCLE JED PLANS TO BUILD
A WHOLE FLEET OF DIRIGIBLES.
THINK I SHOULD INVEST IN IT ?

FRANKLY...
NO !



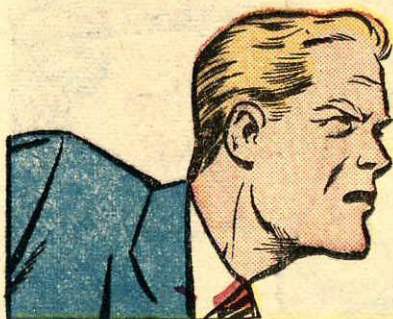
BLUE BOLT



Q. No. 4 Is helium an element or a compound?

HMMM. BLICK WAS IN CHARGE OF FILLING THE DIRIGIBLE WITH HELIUM... YET HE ACTS AS IF THAT "HELIUM" MAY REALLY BE "HYDROGEN"!

SEEMS FANTASTIC ... BUT A LITTLE EXPERIMENT IS IN ORDER!



RICK TOUCHES A MATCH TO THE BAG OF GAS ... WHICH BURSTS INTO FLAME!

WHEW! IT IS HYDROGEN! HYDROGEN BURNS, HELIUM DOESN'T. THE BANKERS MAY BE IN DANGER. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!



RICK HURRIES AFTER AL BLICK.

HI, BEN! I DID IT! THE AIR QUEEN IS FULL OF HYDROGEN!

GOOD! JED BANKER WILL NEVER TAKE OVER OUR BUSINESS!



SINCE WE OWE HIM A LOT OF DOUGH, HE MAY TRY TO.

YEAH, WE'LL PLAY SAFE AND WIPE OUT THE WHOLE BANKER CREW WITH ONE BLOW!

CHARLIE WILL TAKE OFF SOON, OVERTAKE THE AIR QUEEN IN A REMOTE SPOT. LET GO WITH A FEW INCENDIARY BULLETS, AND ... POOF!

NO... OH!



THIS GUY MUSTA HEARD EVERYTHING YOU LOUDMOUTHS SAID. LUCKY I SAW HIM SNOOPING!

GOOD WORK, CHARUE! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE AIR QUEEN, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY!

SOON, IN THE EXPERIMENTAL WIND TUNNEL...

SO LONG, CHUM! FEELING WARM? WE'LL WHIP UP A BREEZE TO COOL YOU OFF!

HAW! THE 300-MILE-AN-HOUR BLAST IS SO STRONG YOU CAN'T BREATHE! YOU'LL SUFFOCATE!



THE HUGE MACHINE IS STARTED. THE WIND BLOWS FASTER AND FASTER, HARDER AND HARDER...

RIPPING THE CLOTHES RIGHT OFF MY BACK! AND I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!

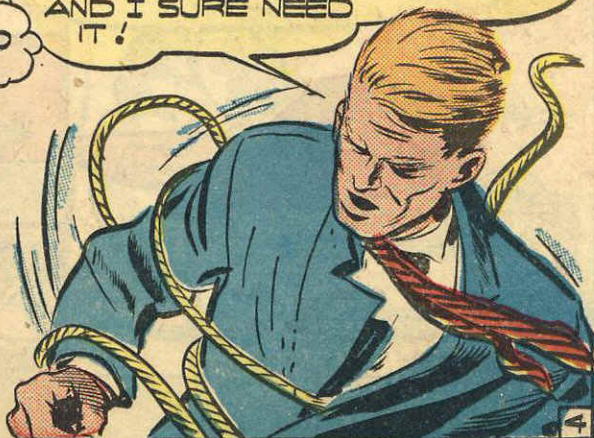
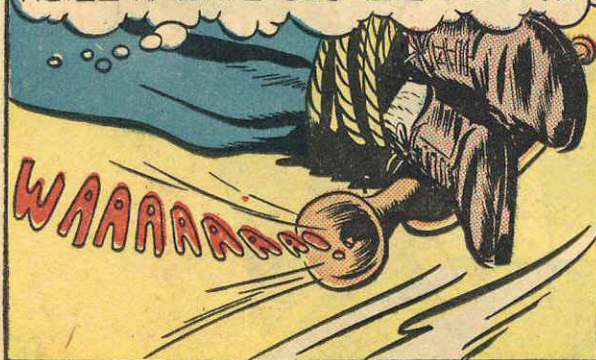


(GASP!)... CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER... EVEN TRUMPET BLEW OUT... AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

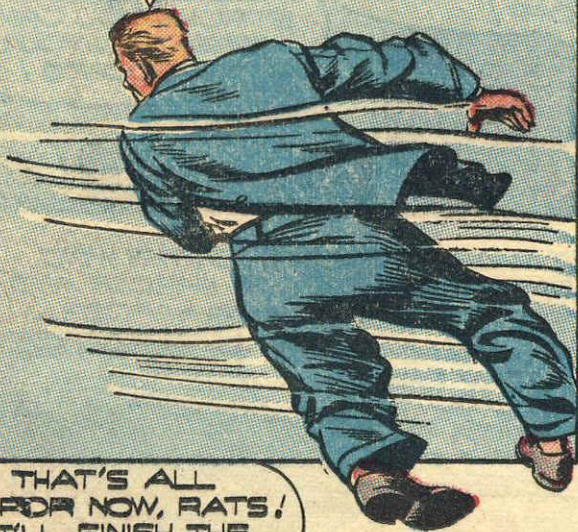
RICK CLAMPS THE TRUMPET DOWN. THE MIGHTY WIND MAKES IT SOUND A MIGHTY BLAST!

IT WORKED! NOW, IF A SUDDEN LOUD NOISE HAS ITS USUAL EFFECT...

GREAT! A FLOOD OF NEW STRENGTH FROM THOSE TRICK ADRENAL GLANDS OF MINE... AND I SURE NEED IT!



THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE ABOARD THE AIR QUEEN! I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!



THERE GOES CHARLIE! SOON JED BAKER WILL BE OUT OF THE WAY!



THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, RATS! I'LL FINISH THE JOB, LATER!



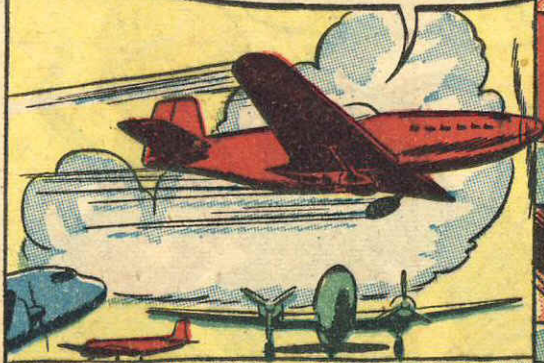
RICK RUSHES TO WARN THE AIR QUEEN BY RADIO, BUT HIS WARNING IS UNHEEDED.

SO A MANIAC IS GOING TO SHOOT US DOWN, EH? POPPYCOCK! I WON'T FALL FOR YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES, SOREHEAD!

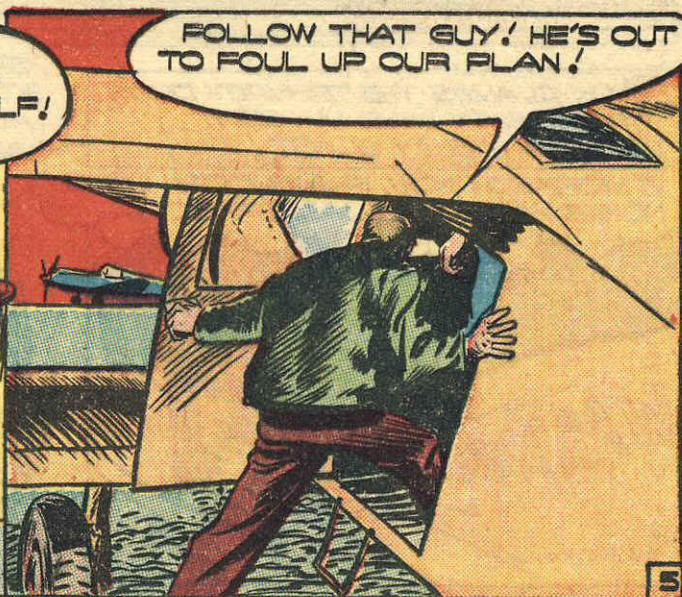


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

JED'S TOO STUBBORN TO LISTEN. I'LL HAVE TO HEAD OFF CHARLIE MYSELF!



FOLLOW THAT GUY! HE'S OUT TO FOUL UP OUR PLAN!



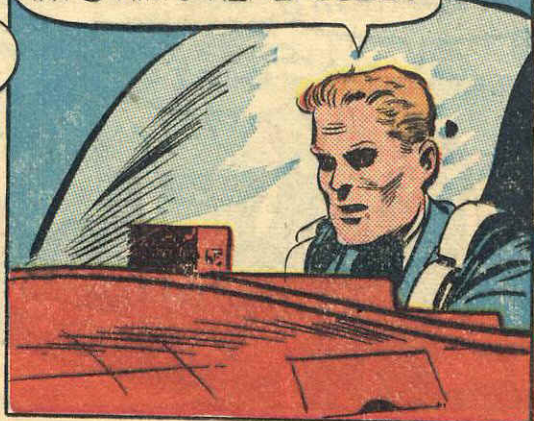
RICK OVERTAKES CHARLIE BLICK.

THERE'S THE AIR QUEEN. I'LL ZOOM DOWN AND GIVE IT A FEW BULLETS!

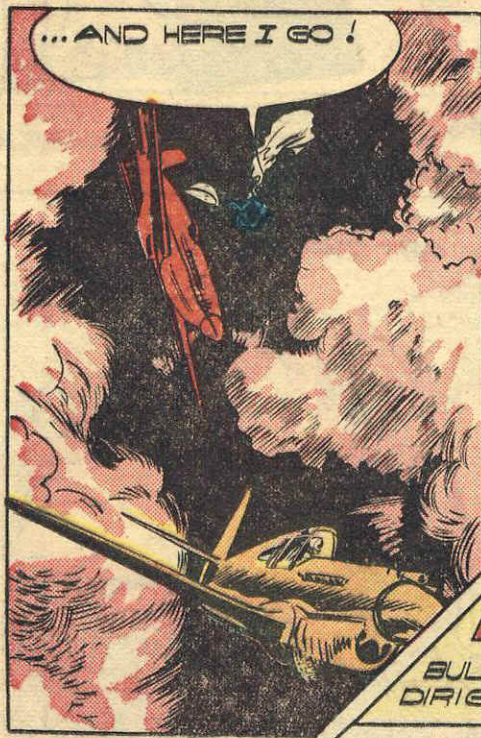
HE'S SIGHTED THE QUEEN! NOW HOW CAN I STOP HIM FROM SHOOTING HER DOWN?



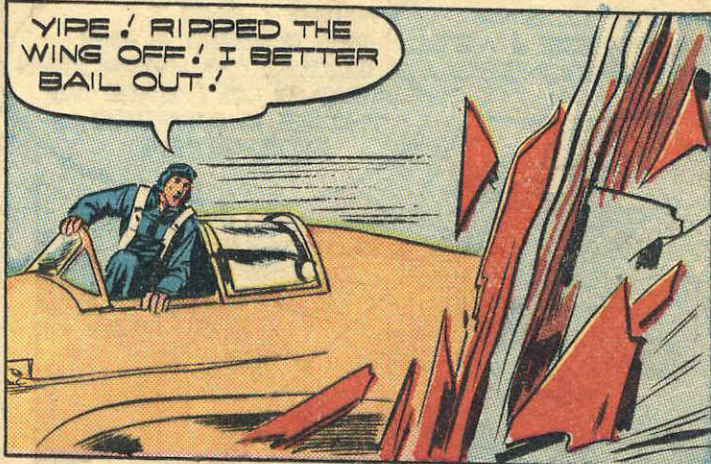
WITHOUT GUNS, I'VE ONLY ONE COURSE... TO CRASH RIGHT INTO HIM! HERE GOES!



...AND HERE I GO!

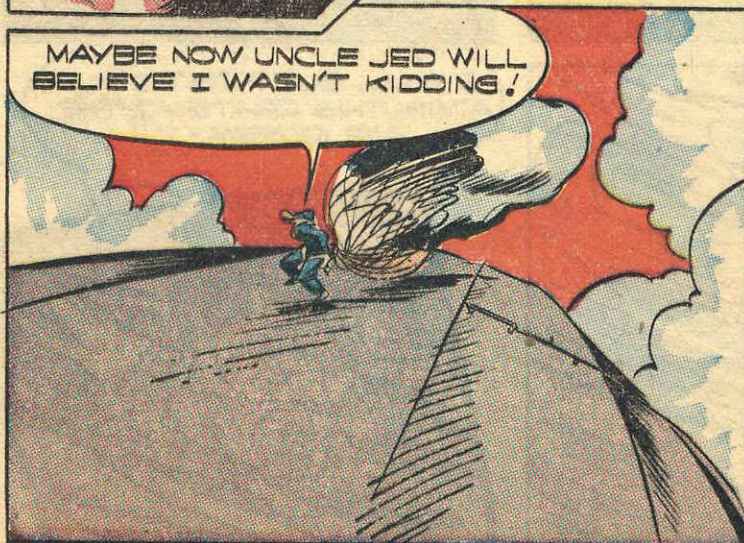


YIPE! RIPPED THE WING OFF! I BETTER BAIL OUT!



MEANWHILE, ON THE IMMENSE BULK OF THE DIRIGIBLE...

MAYBE NOW UNCLE JED WILL BELIEVE I WASN'T KIDDING!



LUCKY THIS LADDER WAS HERE. OH-OH! ANOTHER PLANE. MUST BE THE OTHER TWO BROTHERS.





RICK! WHAT ON EARTH...?

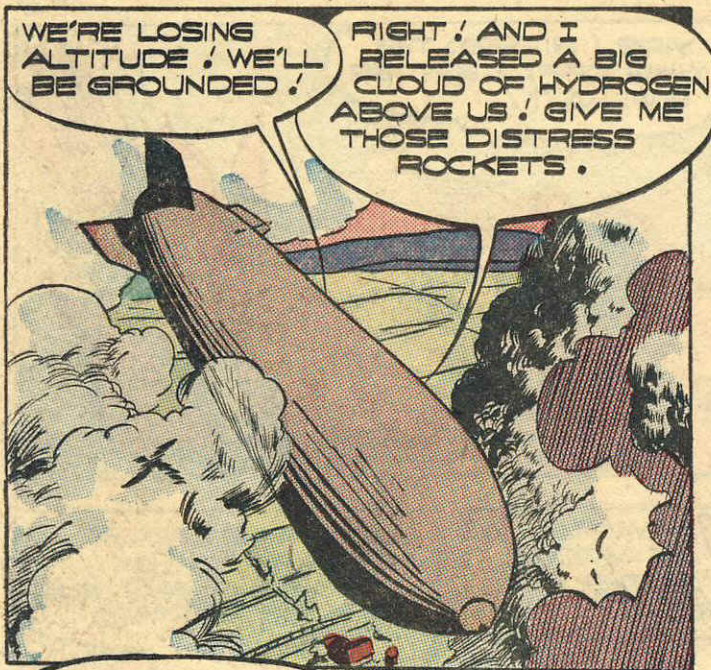
QUICK! MAKE THE SKIPPER LOWER THE SHIP!

RICHARDS! HAVE YOU GONE INSANE?

HERE COMES A PLANE!

STOP! THAT RELEASES THE GAS!

I KNOW. IT'S OUR ONE CHANCE!

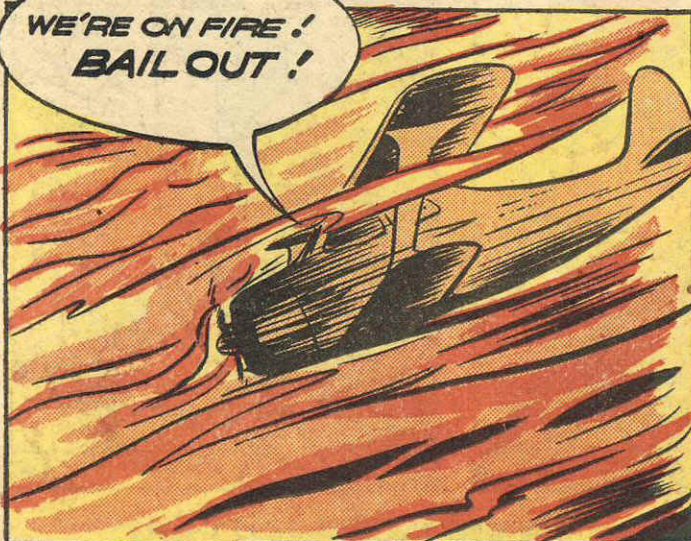


WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! WE'LL BE GROUNDED!

RIGHT! AND I RELEASED A BIG CLOUD OF HYDROGEN ABOVE US! GIVE ME THOSE DISTRESS ROCKETS.

RICK FIRES ROCKETS INTO THE CLOUD OF INFLAMMABLE GAS, SETTING IT AFIRE!

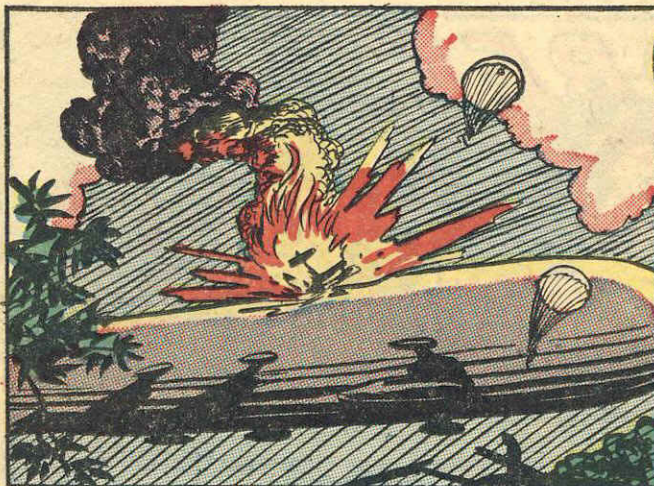
THE BLICK BOYS CAN'T GET THROUGH THAT!



WE'RE ON FIRE! BAIL OUT!

I WILL. BUT FIRST I'M AIMIN' THIS CRATE AT THE AIR QUEEN!





GREAT SCOTT!
WE'RE AFIRE!
WE'LL ALL BE
KILLED!

NO! THANKS
TO RICHARDS
WE'RE LOW
ENOUGH TO
JUMP TO
SAFETY!

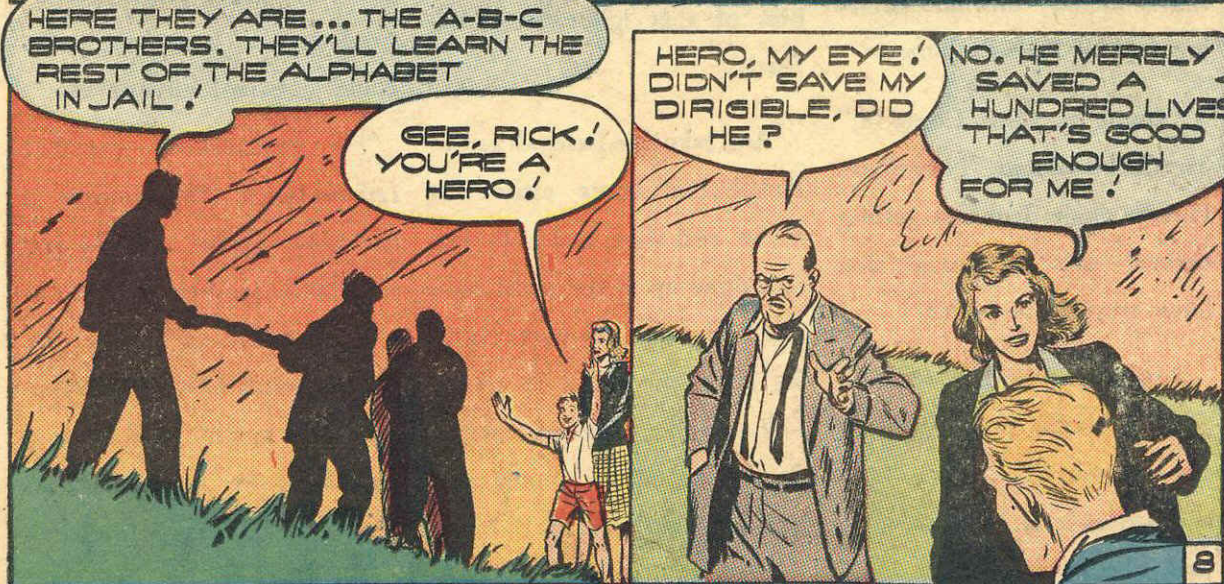


ALL ESCAPE SAFELY FROM THE HOLOCAUST!

HURRY! THE HEAT
IS TERRIBLE!

RICK! WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

TO ROUND UP
THREE BLACK
SHEEP, ANN!

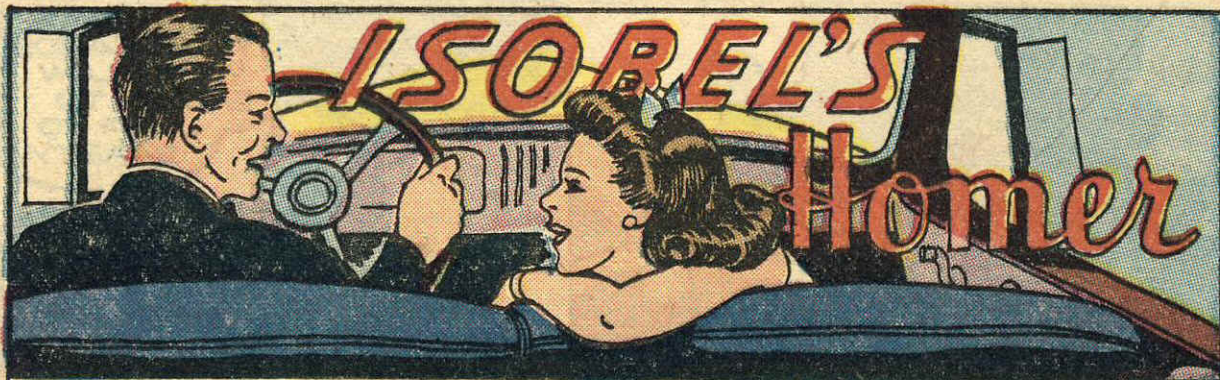


HERE THEY ARE... THE A-B-C
BROTHERS. THEY'LL LEARN THE
REST OF THE ALPHABET
IN JAIL!

GEE, RICK!
YOU'RE A
HERO!

HERO, MY EYE!
DIDN'T SAVE MY
DIRIGIBLE, DID
HE?

NO. HE MERELY
SAVED A
HUNDRED LIVES.
THAT'S GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR ME!



THIS had to be it, Johnnie decided wearily. The last time he would walk up this path. Recalling how many times he had done so, he felt a twinge of regret that he hadn't seen the light before.

Johnnie rang the bell. It took nerve to tell Isobel he was through. But a guy would have to be nuts to become involved with her. That shy act she put on—

The door opened. Johnnie stared blankly into the beaming face of Isobel's father.

"Come in, John. Come in," Mr. Carter invited. "Nice night. Have a chair. Isobel is getting dressed—say, did you see that latest trophy she won?"

Inwardly Johnnie snorted. Show him the trophy? Why, she had won about everything she had ever tackled. Or . . . well, almost. Maybe it was a

little farfetched to think of himself as a trophy, but Johnnie was darned good and sure she wasn't going to hang him up with the rest of her medals!

Automatically, Johnnie's thoughts reverted to the first informal swim meet they had had, earlier in the summer, and how he had teamed up against Isobel in the finals.

Isobel had beat him that day, and for weeks everybody Johnnie knew had reminded him of that ignominious defeat!

And take that baseball game! Isobel had come attired in slacks and shirt and with her hair done up in the usual bun. She had wanted to play, claiming shyly she could hit pretty well. Only Johnnie hadn't figured then she could, and had doggedly refused. She had showed up instead on the In-

juns' team. She had connected and slammed the pill far out into left field for a homer!

Johnnie surreptitiously mopped perspiration from his forehead, came down to solid earth as he heard Mr. Carter still talking.

". . . and that pistol meet was the best yet," Mr. Carter was chatting. "Some of the finest shots in the country were competing in that match . . ."

Johnnie winced. An expert rifle and pistol shot! All he needed was a woman who could outshoot anyone else!

He remembered the last famous meet. The pictures in the paper. Isobel in slacks and shirt, with her hair done up in a bun, standing beside the judges' stand with an eighteen-inch gold trophy, and holding the rifle in her hand. A 30-06 Springfield it was, Johnnie recalled.

"... good up to a thousand yards," Mr. Carter was still chatting. "Isobel fitted that stock herself. Did all the in-letting. She's pretty clever ... oh-oh, guess it's time for me to go. See you, John!"

And the room was empty but for Johnnie. He came to his feet automatically. He heard footsteps approaching. Must be Isobel. Would she go to the dance in slacks and a white sport shirt and her hair done up in a bun? Would she—

Johnnie felt suddenly dizzy. A lithe figure entered the room. A gossamer dream in a blue evening gown. No hair done up in a bun, either. Instead, it lay like rolled copper on soft, creamy shoulders ...

"Hello, Johnnie. Did you wait long?"

"Uh..." Johnnie muttered. "I ... guess we'll ... start ..."

She looked at him once, then they were going out and were in the car, driving through the night to the dance.

He came down to earth completely to hear Isobel saying, "... if you'd rather, we could

go riding, Johnnie. I ... it will be sort of stuffy dancing. Besides, you had something you wanted to talk with me about. Remember?"

Yes. He remembered that little speech he'd had all ready. About how he felt they weren't suited and besides he was planning on a business course at college, and it would be next year before—

Before what? Johnnie looked at her. "Sure. A ride—probably a little fresh air would be good."

They drove outside of town and down along the river. Johnnie parked the car. He turned and looked at Isobel beside him, the shimmering blue gown spread out about her on the seat so as not to wrinkle it. She looked like ... like something out of this world, dream-like ...

Her smile was soft and teasing. "What was it you wanted to talk about, Johnnie?"

Johnnie gulped. "Not — much, I guess." He still felt woozy ... punch-drunk. "Just that I was wondering—what you thought of my taking a

finisher in business — college—"

"I think it would be fine," the girl answered, still smiling at him. She turned around, laying her soft bare arm on the back of the seat, resting her chin on it and watching him. "Big plans, Johnnie?"

He nodded. "Right. Uh ... figure on a home, things like that. Worthwhile things."

The dream nodded. "I think it's wonderful. And ... I can do other things than swim and ... shoot, Johnnie." She was silent for a moment and looking at her, he realized there was a new glow about her face, a soft look of happiness. "I can cook. Make better pie crust than mother. What's your favorite pie, Johnnie?"

"Apple," he answered promptly.

He felt weak but happy. He thought, what a boner I almost pulled. Must be nearsighted or something. Why, Isobel's the most wonderful girl in the world. There ... there just isn't anything she can't do!

THE END

Sergeant Spook

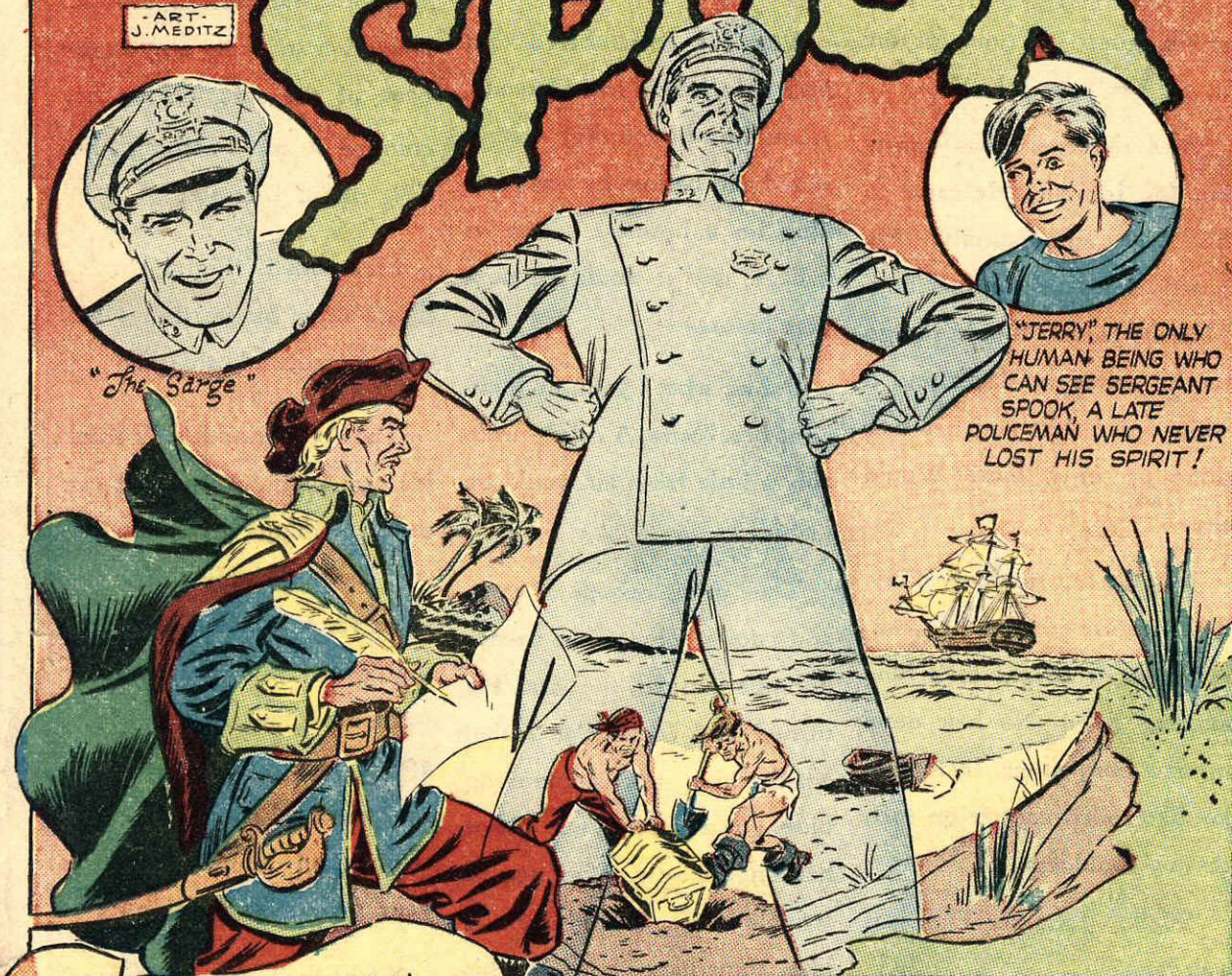
ART
J. MEDITZ



"The Sarge"



"JERRY" THE ONLY HUMAN BEING WHO CAN SEE SERGEANT SPOOK, A LATE POLICEMAN WHO NEVER LOST HIS SPIRIT!

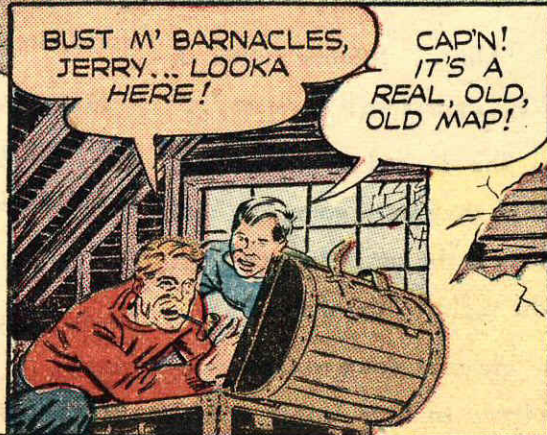


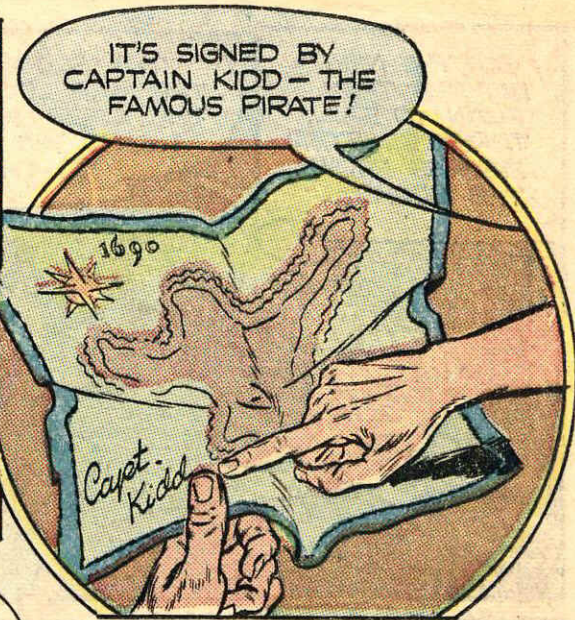
IN 1690, CAPTAIN KIDD MARKED A MAP WITH THE LOCATION OF BURIED TREASURE, LITTLE REALIZING THAT THAT CHEST OF HIDDEN GOLD WOULD BE THE OBJECT OF AN EXCITING SEARCH BY SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY, 258 YEARS LATER!

JERRY IS HELPING A RETIRED SEAMAN FRIEND, CAP'N MARLIN, TO TIDY UP HIS ATTIC, WHEN---

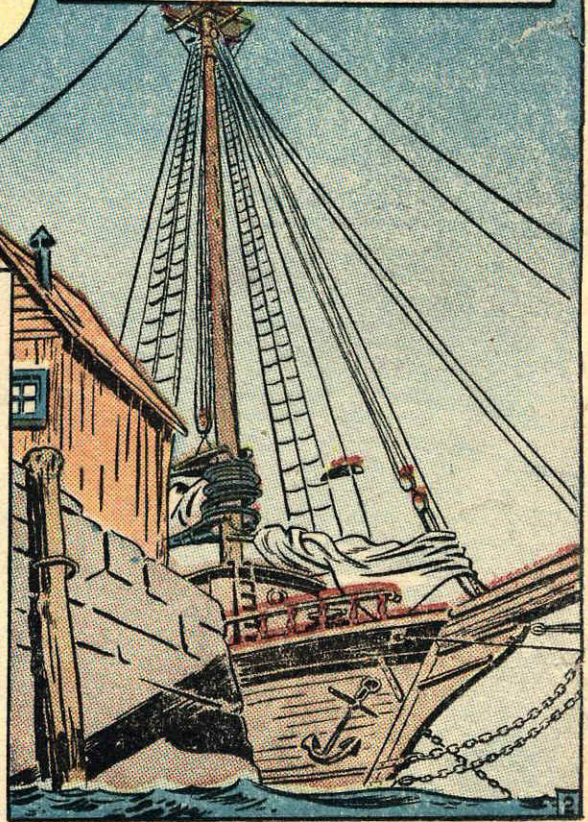
BUST M' BARNACLES, JERRY... LOOKA HERE!

CAP'N! IT'S A REAL, OLD, OLD MAP!





True to his word, CAP'N MARLIN INVESTS HIS LIFE SAVINGS IN A TWO-MASTED SCHOONER, AND HE AND JERRY PREPARE TO SAIL FOR THE TREASURE ISLAND!



BUT, THE NIGHT BEFORE THEY PLAN TO SAIL, THREE SINISTER FIGURES PROWL THE DOCKS...

THE OLD MAN KEEPS THE MAP LOCKED UP IN THE CABIN AMIDSHIP. I HEARD HIM TALKING TO THE KID!

I'LL GET THE MAP...KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN TILL I GET BACK!

AYE, AYE, CHIEF!

STEALTHILY, THE TRIO SLIPS THROUGH THE QUIET HARBOR WATERS

YOU GOT IT, CHIEF?

YEAH! WON'T BARNACLE BILL AND THAT SMART-ALEC KID BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY FIND IT'S GONE!

NEXT MORNING--

GEE, CAP'N MARLIN,
WE'LL NEVER FIND
THE TREASURE WITH-
OUT THAT MAP!

GONE!
BOX AND
ALL!

GUESS WE'RE
SUNK, SON...WE
MIGHT AS WELL
SEND OUR SHIP
TO DAVY JONES'S
LOCKER TOO!

WAIT!
THERE'S ONE
PERSON WHO
CAN HELP US!
**SPOOK! OH,
SPOOK!**

WHAT'S UP,
JERRY?

WHOM ARE YOU CALLING,
LAD?

SORRY, SIR!
BUT YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO SEE HIM.
HE'S A GHOST!

WELL,
I'LL BE--

JERRY EXPLAINS TO
SPOOK...

--AND THAT'S THE
STORY, SPOOK. THE CAP'N
SPENT HIS LAST CENT TO
OUTFIT HIS SHIP... AND
NOW SOMEONE HAS
STOLEN THE MAP!

COME ALONG, JERRY.
WE'LL TAKE A TRIP
TO GHOST TOWN
AND SEE THE
OLD PIRATE
IN PERSON!

I'LL BE BACK
SOON, CAP'N
MARLIN!

UMMM... AND
CAPTAIN KIDD'S
SIGNATURE WAS ON
THAT MAP, EH?

AT GHOST TOWN, IN THE CAVE
OF THE PIRATES...

WHY, YES,
SPOOK... I
REMEMBER WELL
THE LOCATION OF
THAT TREASURE.
WE NEVER DID GET
AROUND TO DIGGING
IT UP!

THEN YOU WILL
HELP OLD CAP'N
MARLIN FIND THE
GOLD BEFORE
THOSE CROOKS
DO?

I'LL BE GLAD TO
HELP OUTSMART
THOSE -- THOSE
PIRATES!



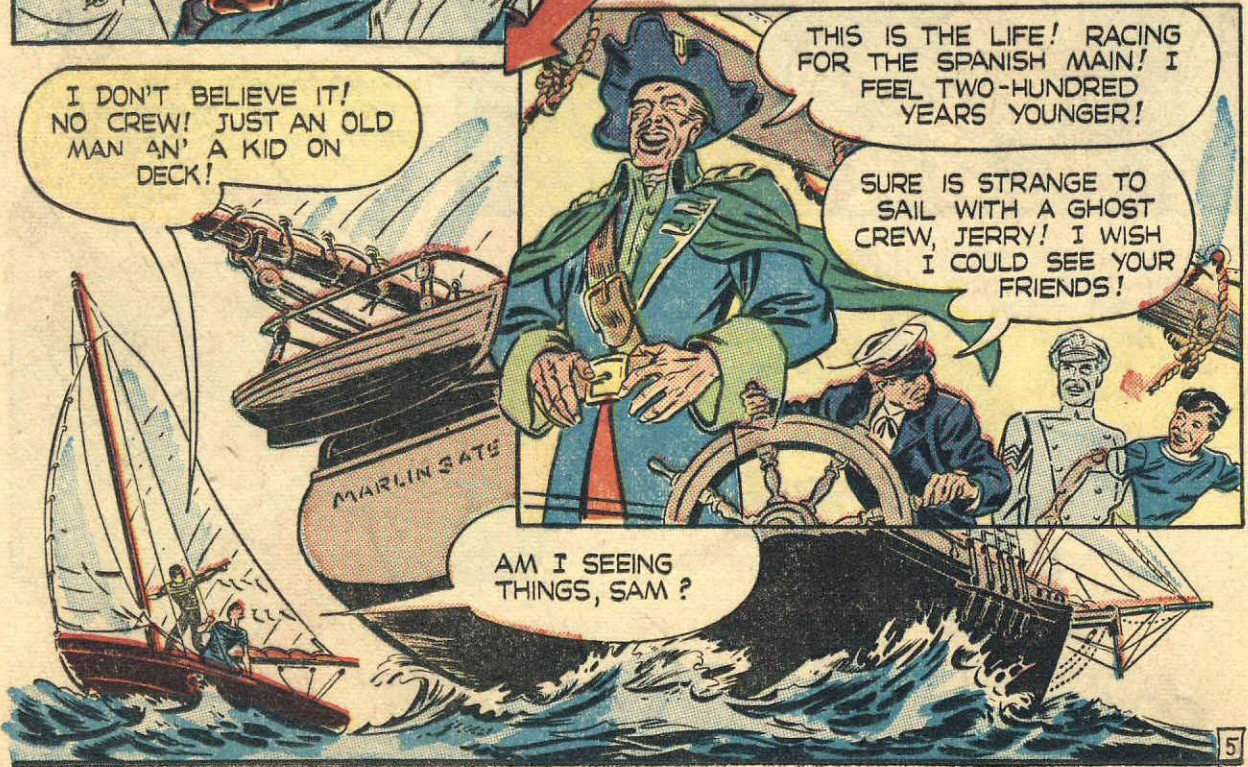
WITH A GHOST CREW OF
CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS
BUCCANEERS, SPOOK, JERRY,
AND CAP'N MARLIN RACE
CHIEF UBEL AND HIS MEN
FOR THE TREASURE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
NO CREW! JUST AN OLD
MAN AN' A KID ON
DECK!

THIS IS THE LIFE! RACING
FOR THE SPANISH MAIN! I
FEEL TWO-HUNDRED
YEARS YOUNGER!

SURE IS STRANGE TO
SAIL WITH A GHOST
CREW, JERRY! I WISH
I COULD SEE YOUR
FRIENDS!

AM I SEEING
THINGS, SAM?



A No. 2 A commander, one rank below a captain.

AS THEY APPROACH THE ISLE
OF BURIED TREASURE, A SHIP
LOOMS ON THE HORIZON...



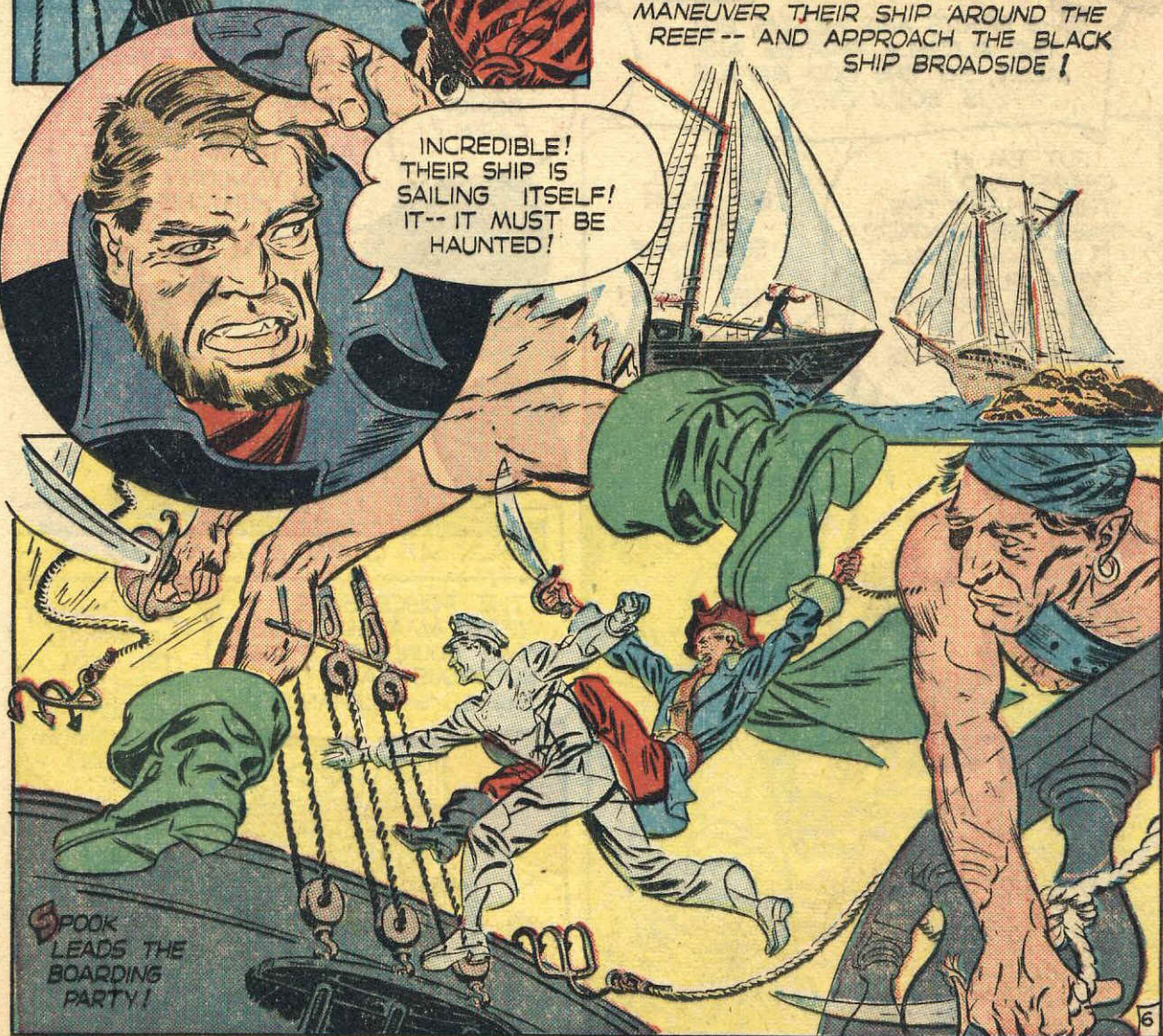
ABOARD
THE OTHER
SHIP...

THERE'S NOBODY
ABOARD BUT THE
OLD MAN AND
THE KID--WE'LL
RUN 'EM INTO
THE REEF!



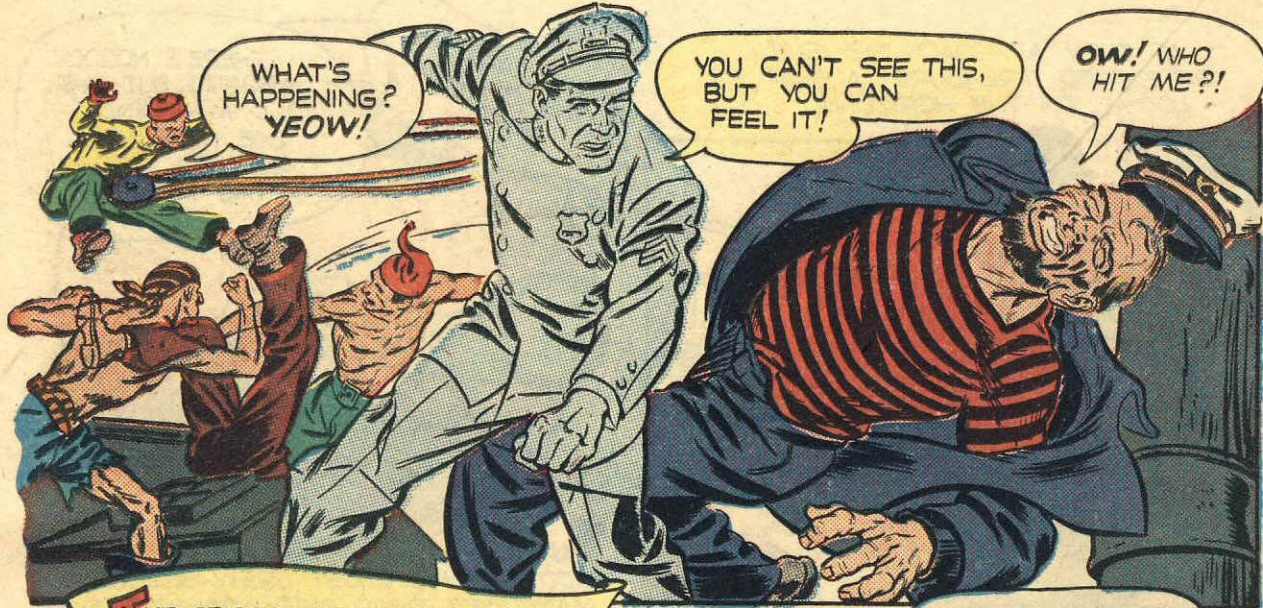
BUT CAPT.
KIDD AND HIS GHOST CREW SKILLFULLY
MANEUVER THEIR SHIP AROUND THE
REEF-- AND APPROACH THE BLACK
SHIP BROADSIDE!

INCREDIBLE!
THEIR SHIP IS
SAILING ITSELF!
IT-- IT MUST BE
HAUNTED!



SPOOK
LEADS THE
BOARDING
PARTY!

Q No. 9. Was the Admiral Benbow a pirate ship, an inn, or an old sea-dog?



THE SPIRITS ARE WILLING, BUT THE FLESHLY PIRATES ARE MEEK, SO THE ODD BATTLE IS SOON OVER!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CAP'N?

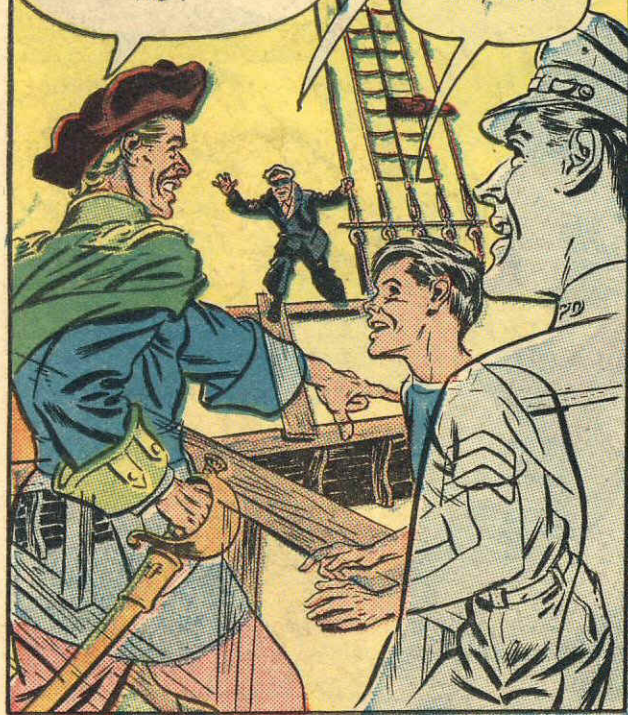
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES, SO I'M GONNA TAKE A BITE INTO THIS GOLD PIECE... JUST TO MAKE SURE THEY WOULDN'T KIDD ME! HEH! HEH!



PUT 'EM IN CHAINS, AND IF THIS WASN'T THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, THEY'D ALL WALK THE PLANK! COME ALONG NOW, I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE GOLD'S HID!

WELL, I'LL BE-- YOUR GHOSTS SURE HAVE TAKEN OVER, JERRY!

OH, BOY!

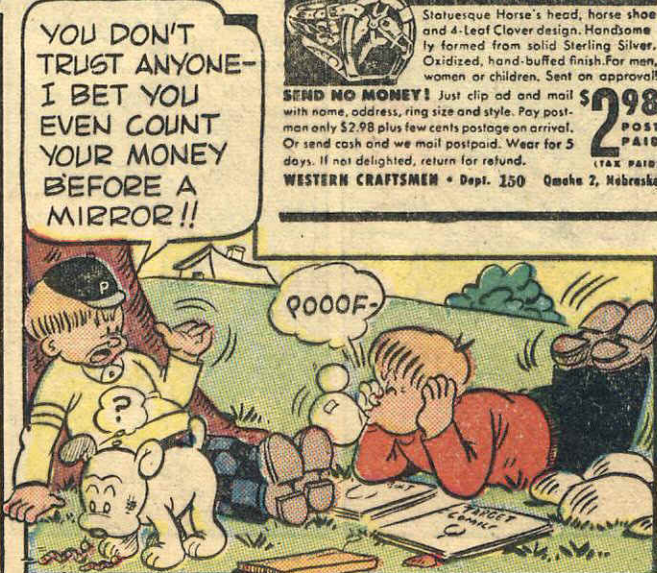


BACK AT CAP'N MARLIN'S HOUSE--

THE POLICE SURE WERE AMAZED AT YOU TWO ROUNDING UP THAT NOTORIOUS GANG OF THIEVES SINGLEHANDED!

AND I'M NOT GOING TO TELL 'EM MY SECRET, SPOOK! BUT THANKS A MILLION!





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For Fun The Wonder Drinking Clown

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No C.O.D. BB's, 2 pkgs. 25c; .177 pellets, 500 for \$1.50; steel darts, 35c package. (Order plenty.) Holster BDC

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STERLING SILVER LADYLUCK Ring

Statueque Horse's head, horse shoe and 4-leaf Clover design. Handmade by formed from solid Sterling Silver. Oxidized, hand-buffed finish. For men, women or children. Sent on approval!

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail with name, address, ring size and style. Pay postman only \$2.98 plus few cents postage on arrival. Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wear for 5 days. If not delighted, return for refund.

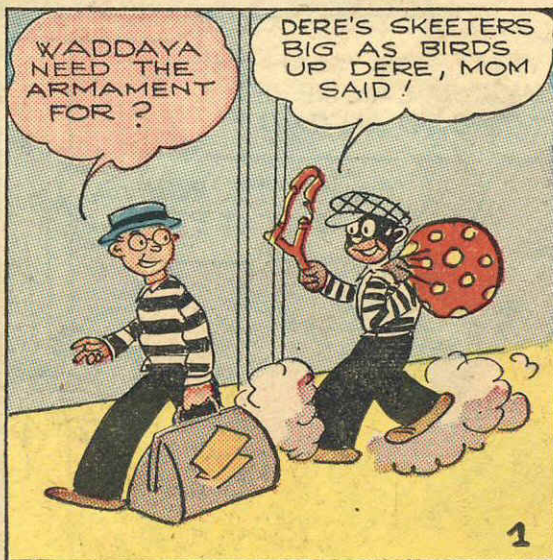
\$2.98

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WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 150 Omaha 2, Nebraska

KIDS IS KIDS

by BERY GREEN/





-- AND THE PASSENGERS ARE SUDDENLY THROWN OFF BALANCE.

OUCH!

I TOLD YOU SO, CHUBBY !!

I CAN'T FIND THE BALL IF YOU TURN THE LIGHTS OUT !!

IT'S HIS WHISKERS!

OH, BOY, I GOTTA BEAT IT!

THE ROBBER
M. M. QUINN

DIS GUY'S DISGUISE HAS DANDRUFF!

SLATS, I'M SCARED!

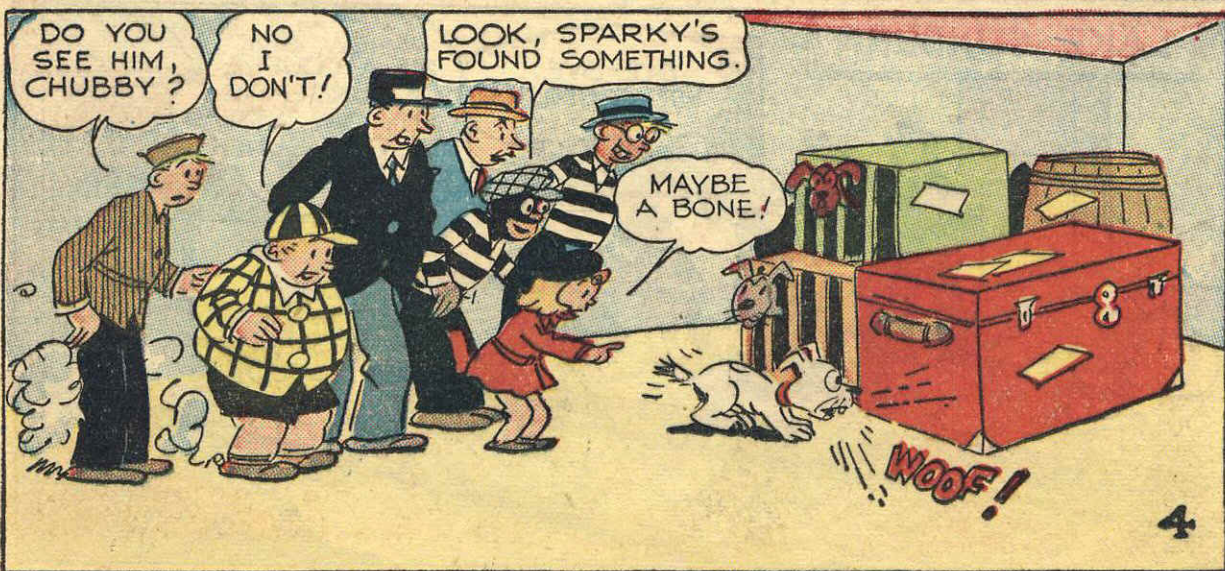
PLEASE, MISTER, HELP US CATCH THE ROBBER!

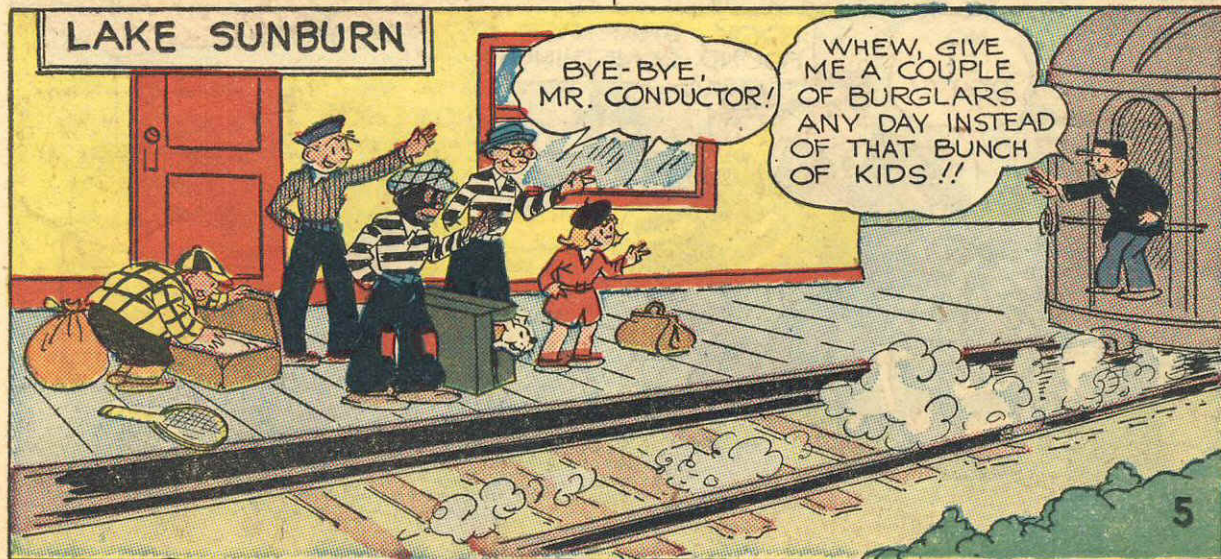
IF YOU'RE KIDDIN' ME, I'LL SPANK YOUR CABOOSE.

OUCH, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

3







PULVEX FLEA POWDER

TWO KINDS

WITH 5% DDT
... for dogs. Kills fleas and
lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-
7 days. Many home uses.

OR WITH ROTENONE
... for cats, dogs. Quickly
kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas
when put on a single spot.
Pre-war formula.

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SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail
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Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wear for 5
days. If not delighted, return for refund.

\$2.98
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WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 250 Omaha 2, Nebraska

HOW CAN YOUR BROTHER BE
A **BOOTBLACK** IN A
CLOTHING STORE??

VERY EASILY - HE'S THE GUY
WHO **PUTS THE SHINE** ON
THE **BLUE SERGE SUITS**!!

MILT HAMMER

BETCHA CAN'T USE **BEANS** IN
A SENTENCE!!

CAN TOO - WE
ARE ALL **HUMAN BEANS**!

SOUNDS
LODGE-ICAL!

WHAT D'YA MEAN
YOU WERE LIKE
NAPOLEON IN
SCHOOL TODAY?

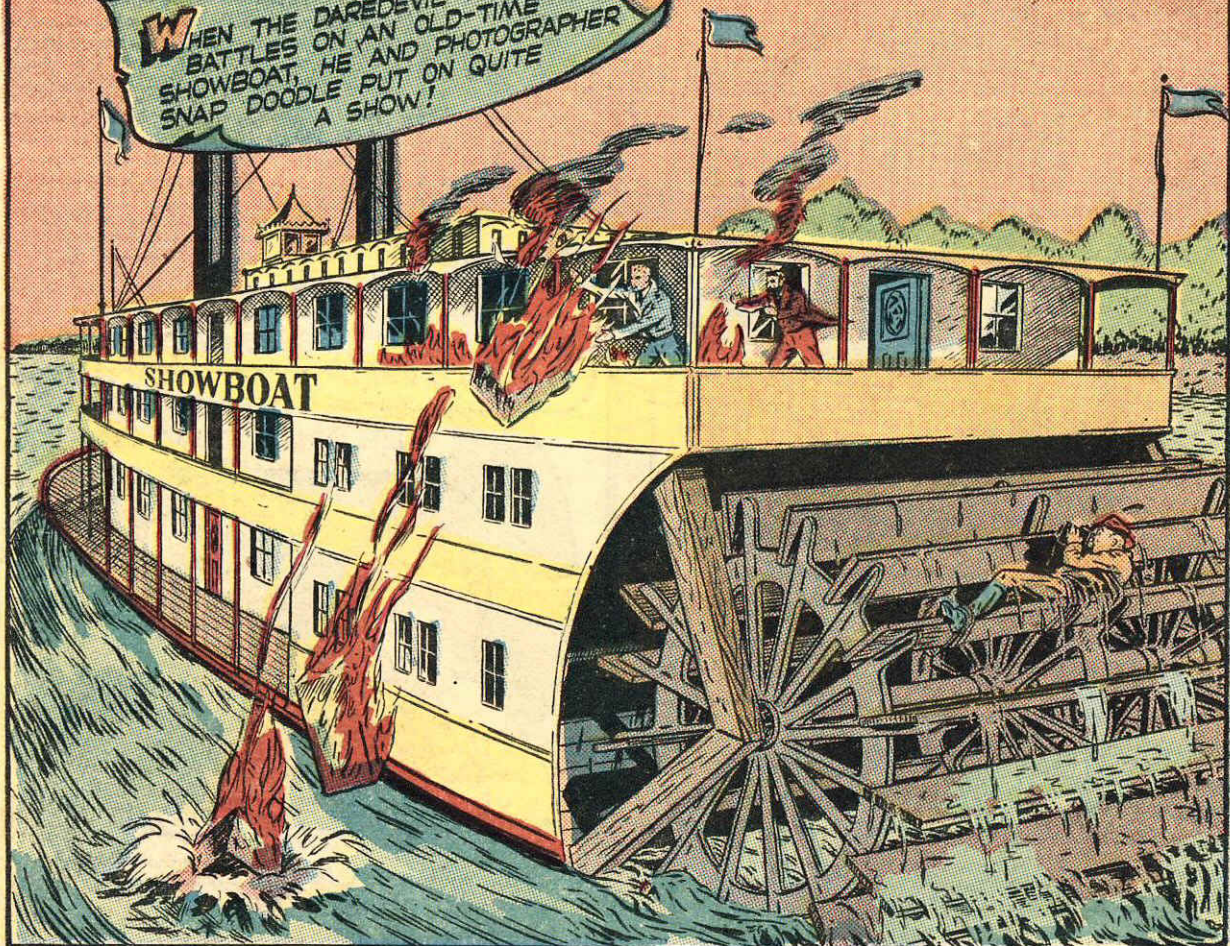
'CAUSE I TOO
WENT DOWN IN
MY **HISTORY**
TEST!!!

for Big
Kids

BLUE BOLT

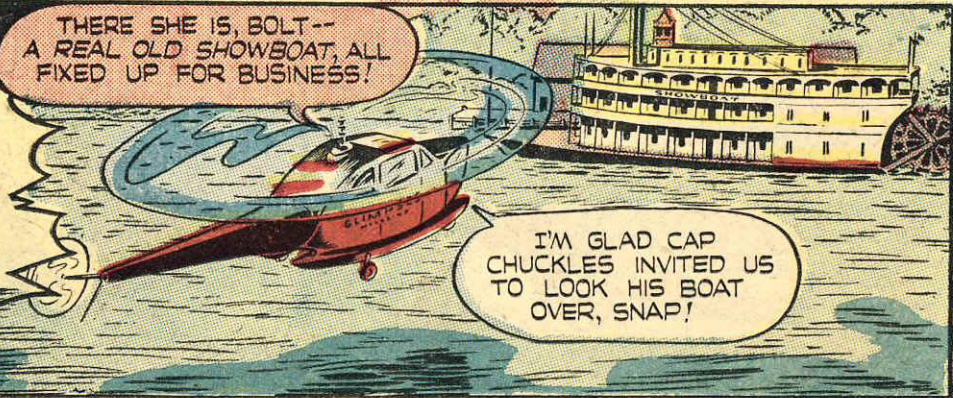
THE AMERICAN

WHEN THE DAREDEVIL PILOT
BATTLES ON AN OLD-TIME
SHOWBOAT, HE AND PHOTOGRAPHER
SNAP DOODLE PUT ON QUITE
A SHOW!



BBLUE BOLT
LANDS
AT A LITTLE
TOWN
ON THE
MISSISSIPPI!

THERE SHE IS, BOLT--
A REAL OLD SHOWBOAT, ALL
FIXED UP FOR BUSINESS!



I'M GLAD CAP
CHUCKLES INVITED US
TO LOOK HIS BOAT
OVER, SNAP!

BUT THE GLIMPSES TEAM GETS A SURPRISE --

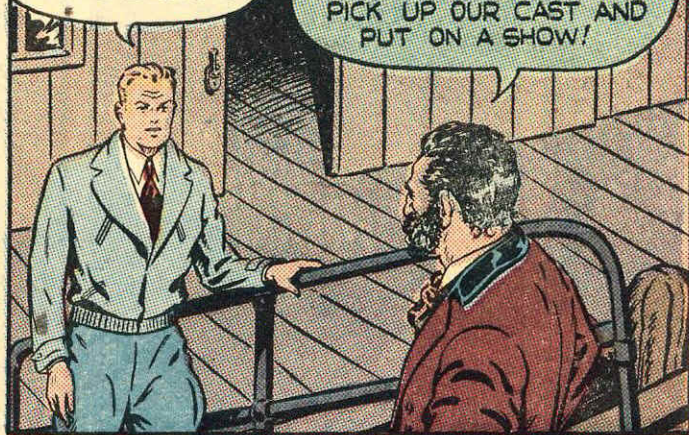
WHERE'S CAP CHUCKLES? WE'RE FROM GLIMPSES, THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, AND--

I'M CAP CHUCKLES! SCRAM!



BUT YOU INVITED US TO GET A PICTURE STORY!

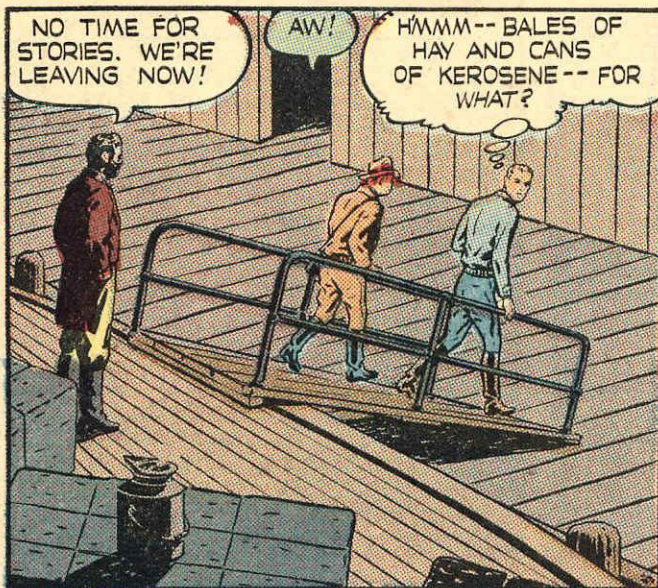
CHANGED MY MIND! WE'RE SHOVING OFF FOR MAGNOLIA CITY. GOT TO PICK UP OUR CAST AND PUT ON A SHOW!



NO TIME FOR STORIES. WE'RE LEAVING NOW!

AW!

H'MMM--BALES OF HAY AND CANS OF KEROSENE--FOR WHAT?



Y'KNOW, I'VE SEEN PIX OF CAP CHUCKLES --AND THEY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THAT GUY!

SOMETHING SURE IS PHONY--WE'VE GOT TO GET ABOARD AND FIND OUT WHAT!

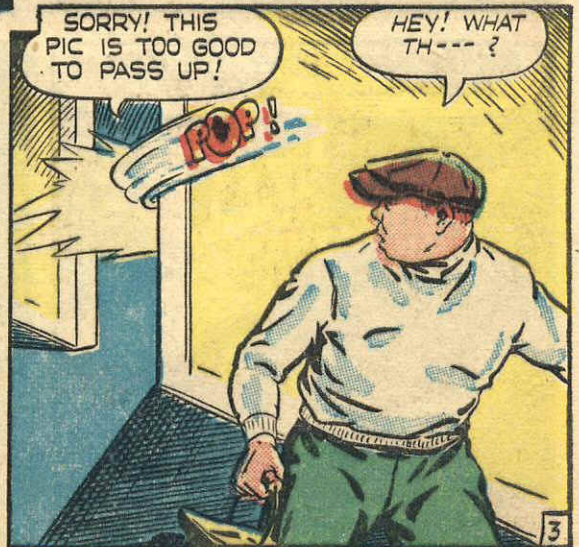
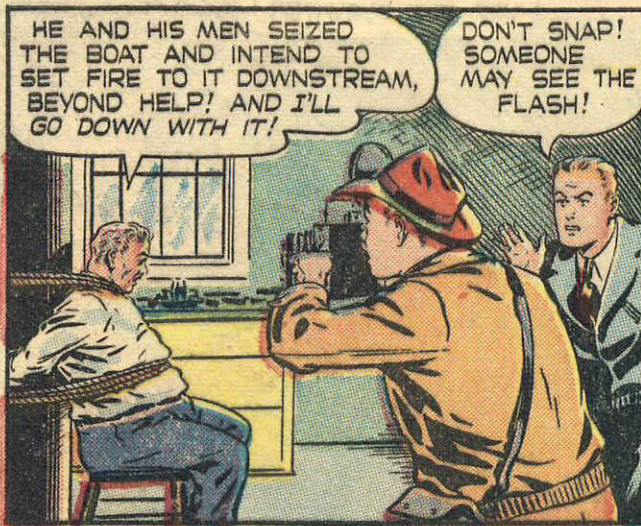
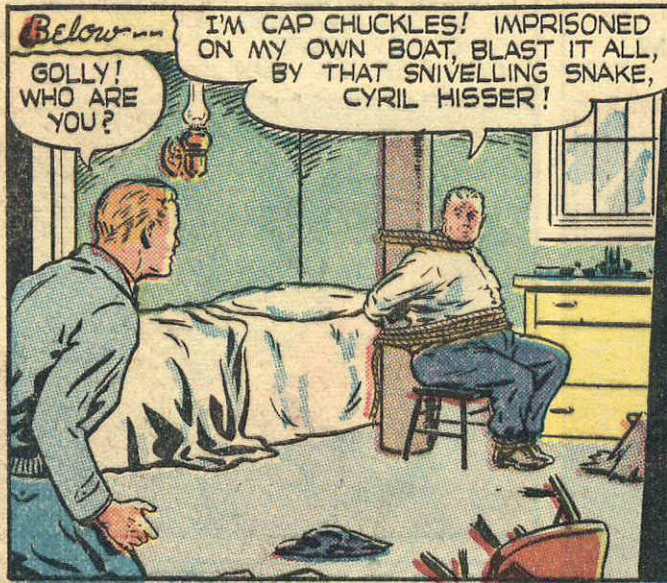
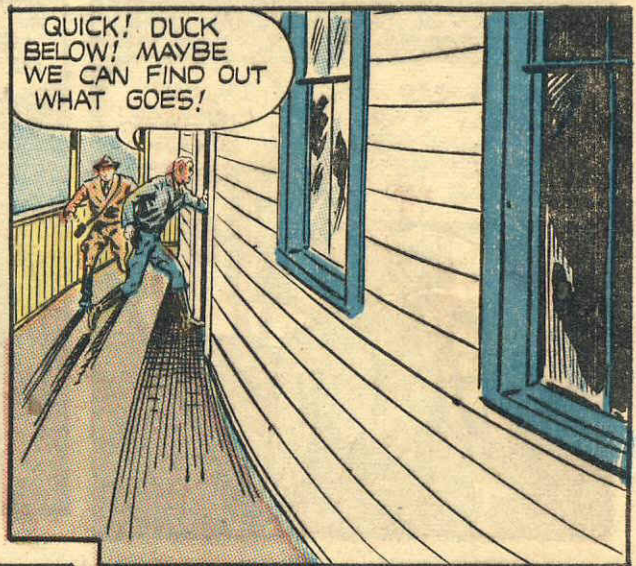
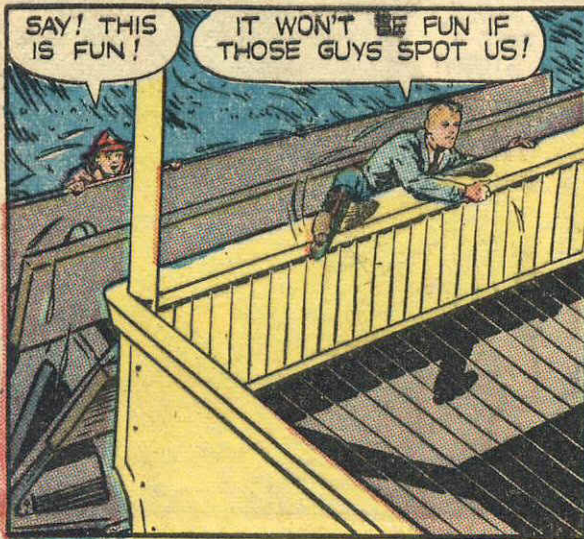


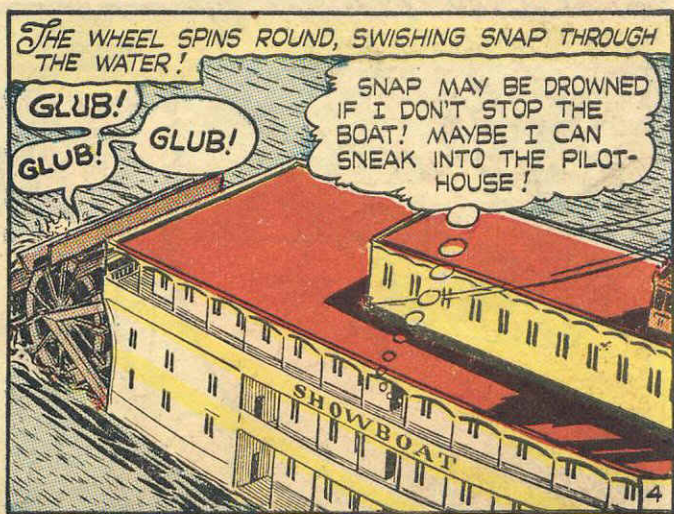
NOTHING TO IT! JUST USE THE ELEVATOR!

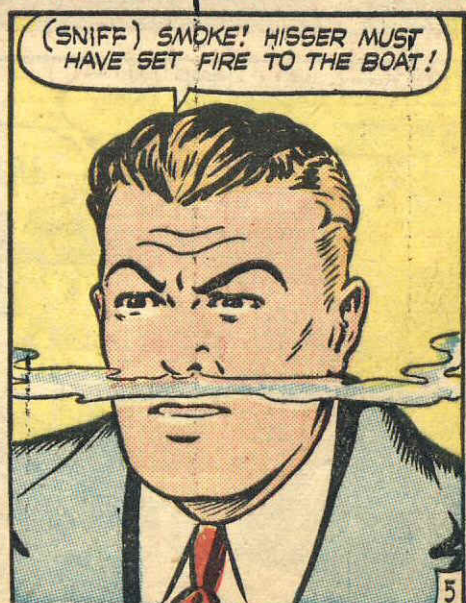
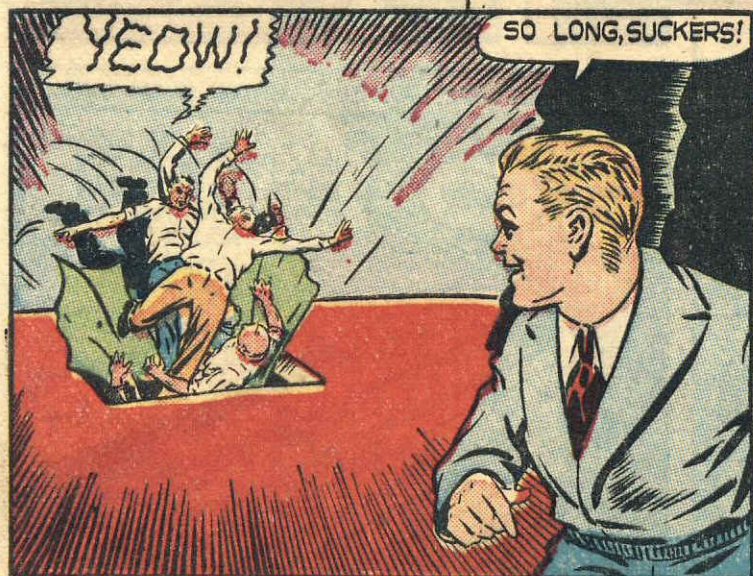
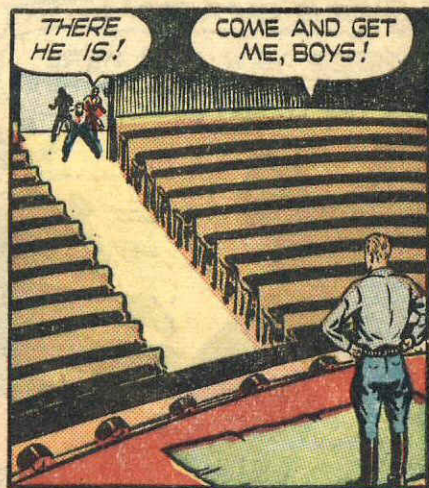
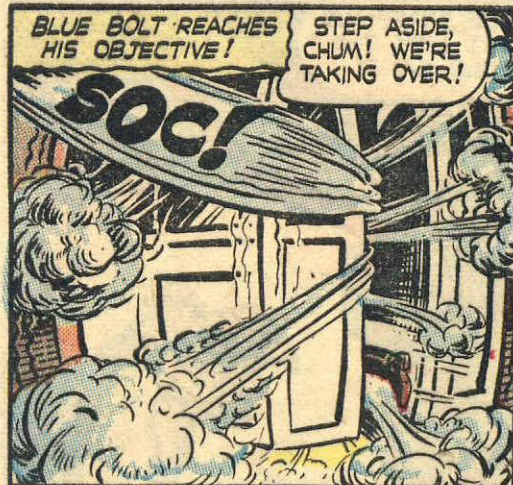
GET ABOARD? HOW? THE BOAT IS PULLING OUT! WE'RE STUCK!

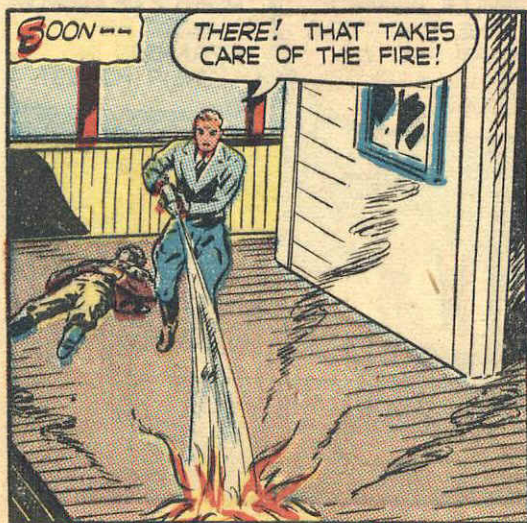


Q No. 12. The British call it a lift. What is our term for it? The hint is above.

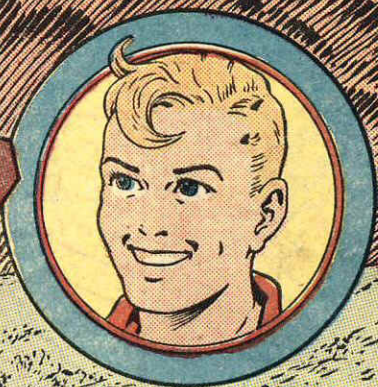






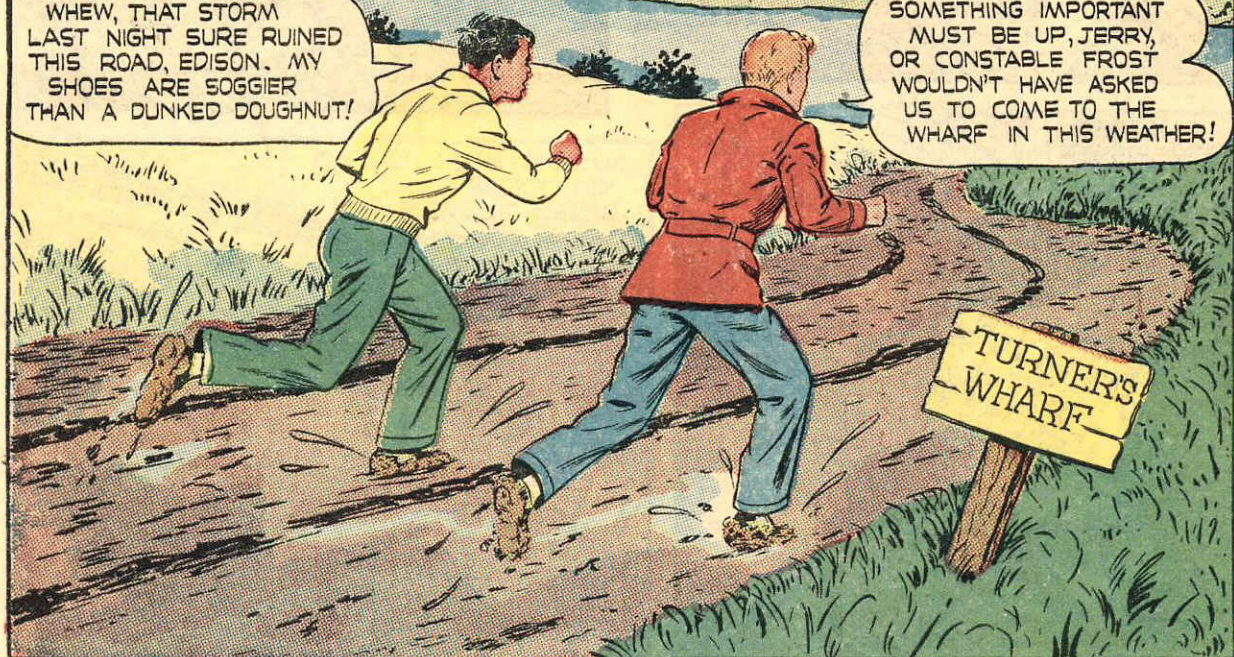


Edison Bell



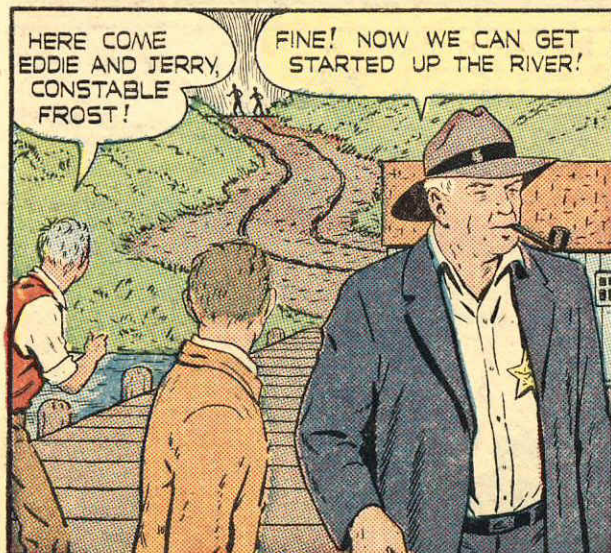
WHEW, THAT STORM
LAST NIGHT SURE RUINED
THIS ROAD, EDISON. MY
SHOES ARE SOGGIER
THAN A DUNKED DOUGHNUT!

SOMETHING IMPORTANT
MUST BE UP, JERRY,
OR CONSTABLE FROST
WOULDN'T HAVE ASKED
US TO COME TO THE
WHARF IN THIS WEATHER!



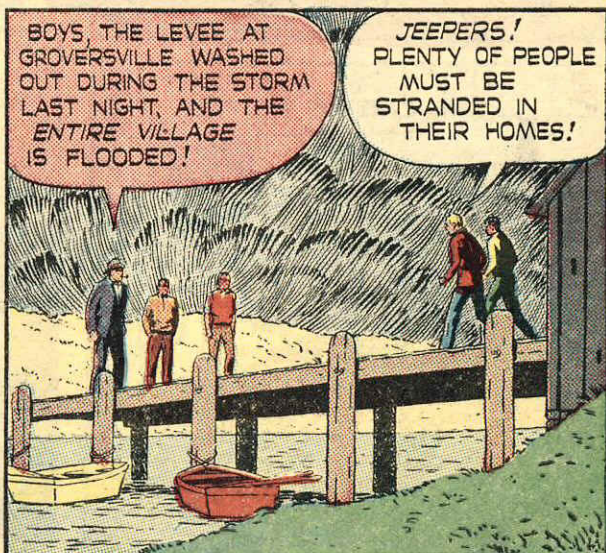
HERE COME
EDDIE AND JERRY,
CONSTABLE
FROST!

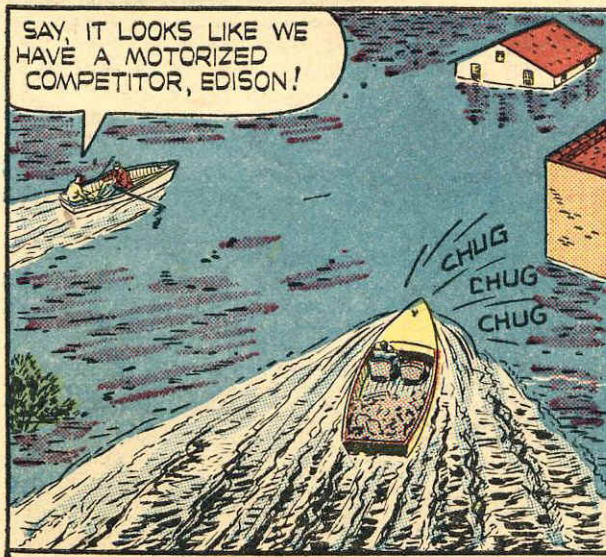
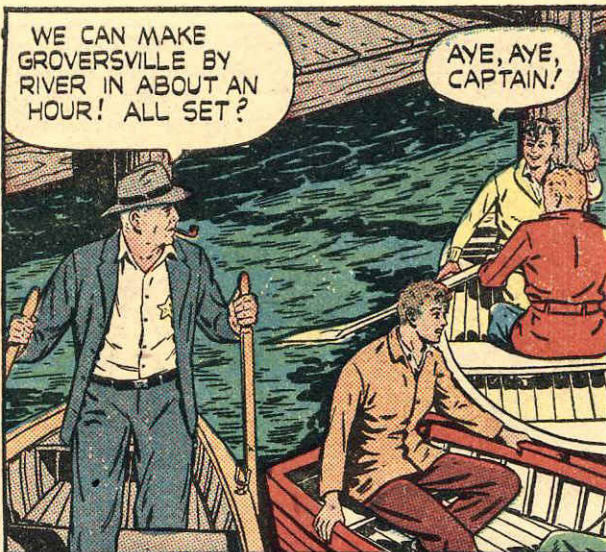
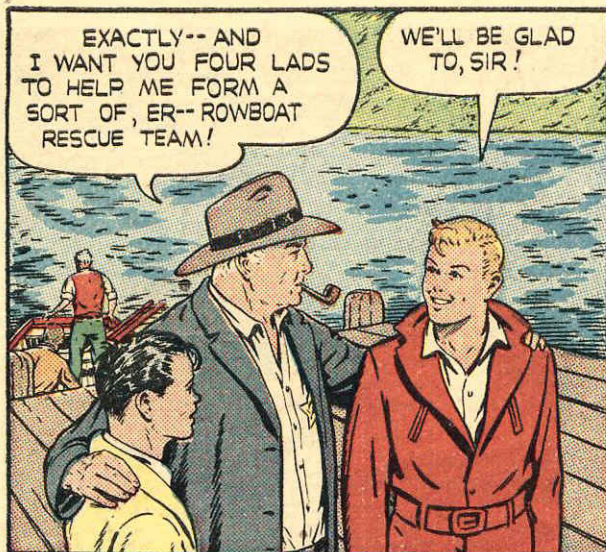
FINE! NOW WE CAN GET
STARTED UP THE RIVER!

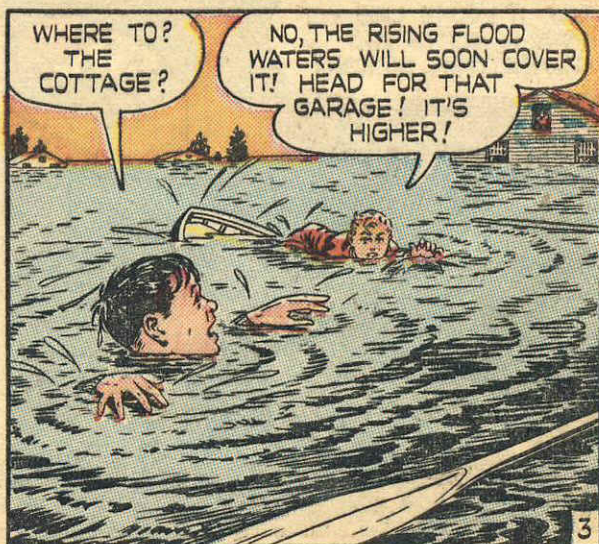
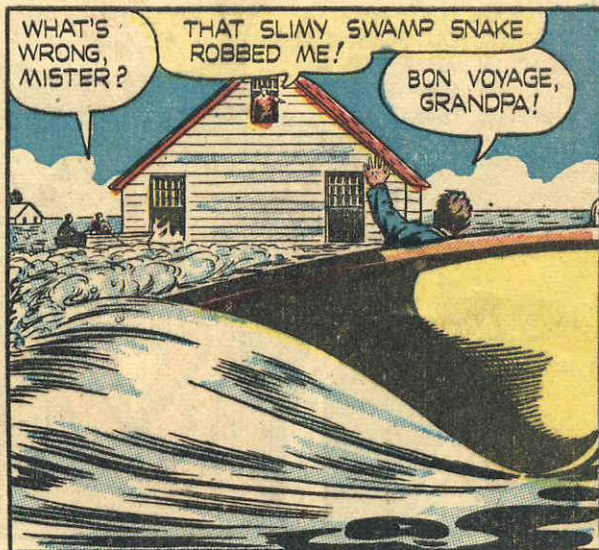


BOYS, THE LEVEE AT
GROVERSVILLE WASHED
OUT DURING THE STORM
LAST NIGHT, AND THE
ENTIRE VILLAGE
IS FLOODED!

JEEPERS!
PLENTY OF PEOPLE
MUST BE
STRANDED IN
THEIR HOMES!



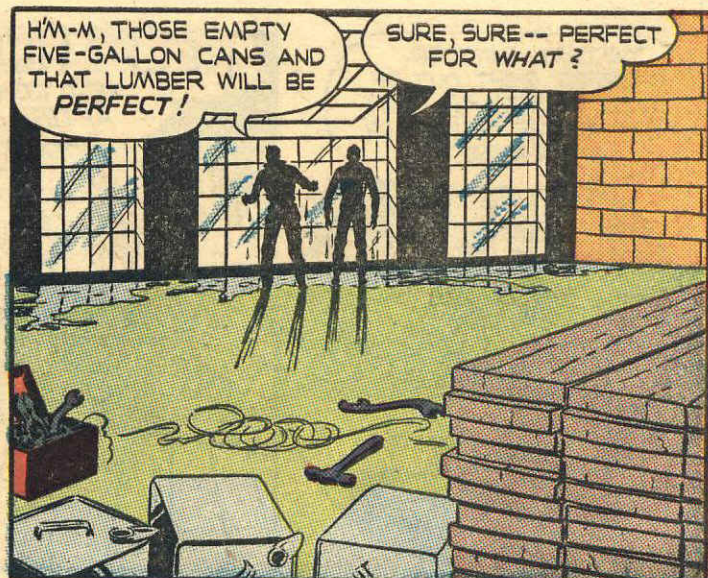






BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OLD MAN?

GET IN THROUGH THIS GARAGE WINDOW, JERRY. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



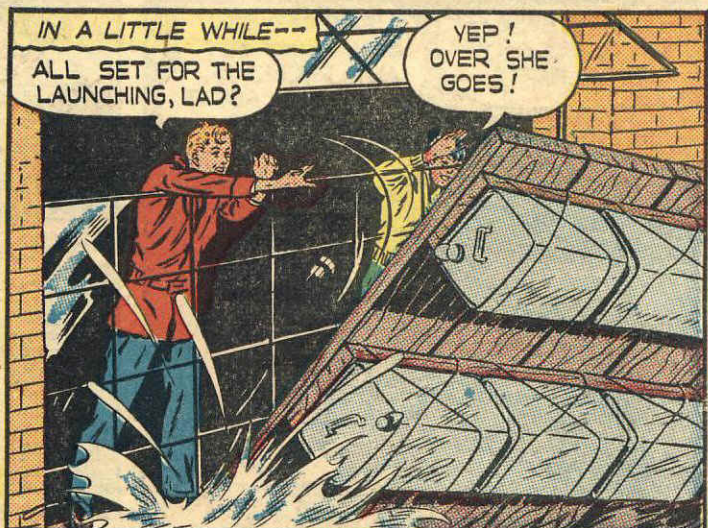
H'M-M, THOSE EMPTY FIVE-GALLON CANS AND THAT LUMBER WILL BE PERFECT!

SURE, SURE-- PERFECT FOR WHAT?



WE'RE GOING TO BUILD A RAFT-- A GALLON GALLEON! START CAPPING THOSE EMPTY CANS TO MAKE THEM AIRTIGHT!

NOW IT'S STARTING TO CLICK IN MY CRANIUM!



IN A LITTLE WHILE--

ALL SET FOR THE LAUNCHING, LAD?

YEP! OVER SHE GOES!



SAY, THIS IS TERRIFIC, EDDIE!

FIRST PORT OF CALL-- THE COTTAGE!



GUESS WE DIDN'T GET HERE MUCH TOO SOON, SIR!

THANK YOU, SONNY! I'D JUST LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT LOOTER!

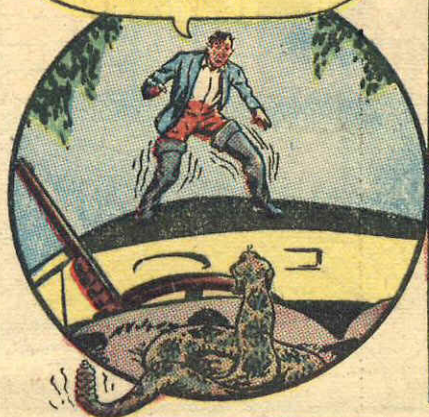
H'M-M, HE MUST BE MILES AWAY BY NOW!



YOU'RE WRONG, JERRY! THERE'S OUR PIRATE-- RIGHT OVER THERE!

WHAT'S HE DOING? STANDING IN THE BOW?

TH-THAT RATTLER
DROPPED RIGHT OUT OF
THEM TREES! I-I CAN'T
GET AT THE HELM OR
MY R-RIFLE!



HELP! HELP!
HE'S COMING
AFTER ME!



GOSH! I HOPE
HE CAN SWIM!

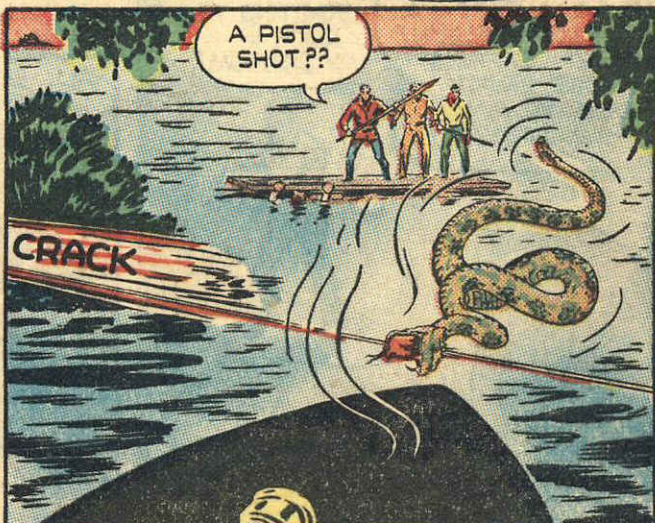


C-CAN'T SWIM--
GOT TO HOLD ON
TO THE RAFT!

FAIR ENOUGH!
ONLY DON'T GET
ANY PECULIAR
IDEAS ABOUT
CLIMBING
ABOARD!



A PISTOL
SHOT??

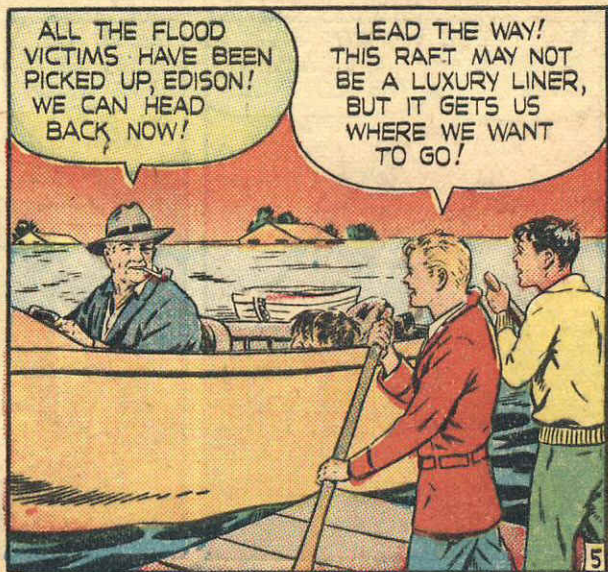


NICE WORK, CONSTABLE
FROST. INCIDENTALLY, HERE'S
ANOTHER SNAKE THAT
NEEDS TO HAVE THE
"STING" TAKEN OUT OF
HIM!



ALL THE FLOOD
VICTIMS HAVE BEEN
PICKED UP, EDISON!
WE CAN HEAD
BACK NOW!

LEAD THE WAY!
THIS RAFT MAY NOT
BE A LUXURY LINER,
BUT IT GETS US
WHERE WE WANT
TO GO!



NOW YOU CAN BUILD YOUR OWN

PONTOON RAFT

BY
Harry
Lazarus

ALL YOU
NEED TO BUILD THIS
STURDY RAFT ARE THE
FOLLOWING MATERIALS:

- 1½-INCH NAILS.
- 1 SMALL JAR SHELLAC.
- 2 PLANKS OF WOOD
¾-INCH BY 12-INCH
BY FOUR FEET.
- 4 STRIPS OF WOOD
¾-INCH BY 3-INCH
BY FOUR FEET.
- 4 EMPTY FIVE-GALLON
CANS.
- Baling WIRE.

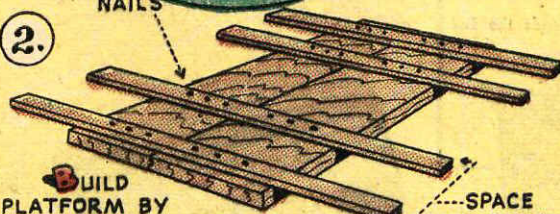
1. TO MAKE EMPTY CANS WATER-TIGHT, WASH THEM AND ALLOW THEM TO DRY THOROUGHLY, THEN APPLY SHELLAC WITH A BRUSH TO INSIDES OF CAP AND INTO GROOVES OF CANS NECK. WHEN SHELLAC BECOMES GUMMY, SCREW CAP BACK ON TIGHTLY AND THEN APPLY MORE SHELLAC TO OUTSIDE OF CAP AND ON ALL SEAMS OF CAN--- ALLOW TO DRY.

(SHELLAC HERE)



2.

NAILS

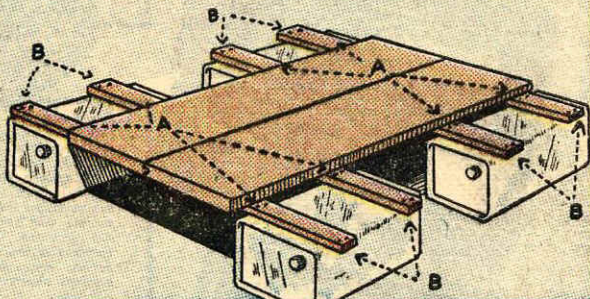


BUILD
PLATFORM BY
NAILING THE NARROW ¾"X 3"
STRIPS CROSSWISE ONTO THE
WIDE ¾"X 12" BOARDS WITH
1½-INCH NAILS.

SPACE
BETWEEN THE
STRIPS 3-INCH
NARROWER
THAN CANS.

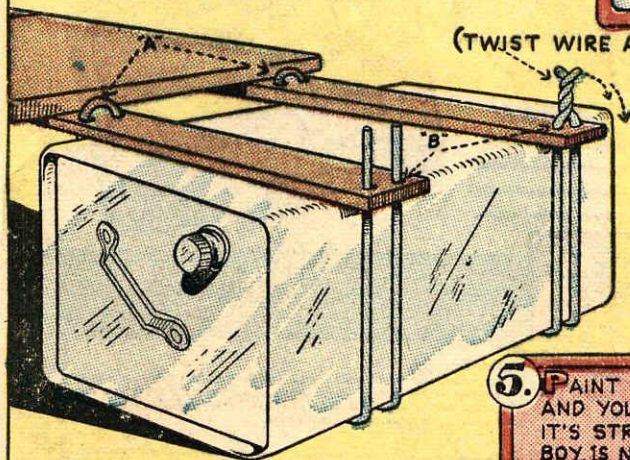
3.

WHEN PLACE PLATFORM OVER THE FOUR
PREPARED CANS AND MARK OFF PLACE TO
DRILL TWO HOLES 1-INCH APART AT ALL "A"
AND "B" POINTS.



4.

SECURE CANS TO PLATFORM BY RUNNING
THE GALVANIZED WIRE THROUGH HOLES
"A" AROUND AND UNDER CANS AND BACK
UP AND THROUGH HOLES "B"



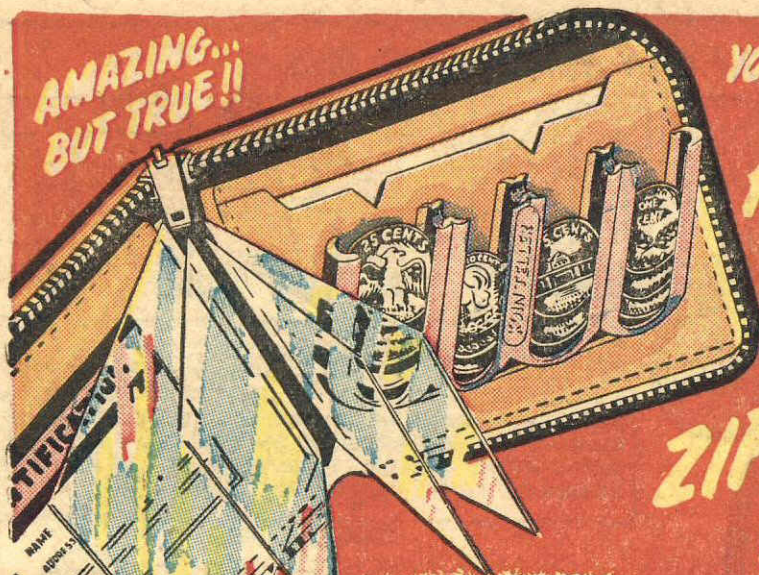
(TWIST WIRE AND BEND DOWN)

5.

PAINT RAFT TO MAKE IT WARP-PROOF,
AND YOUR RAFT IS READY TO FLOAT.
IT'S STRONG AND BUILT TO CARRY ONE
BOY. IS NOT DESIGNED FOR ROUGH WATER.



AMAZING...
BUT TRUE!!



YOU CAN GET THESE
**HAND
COLORED
COIN HOLDER
ZIPPER
BILLFOLDS**

**PACKED WITH EXPENSIVE
FEATURES**

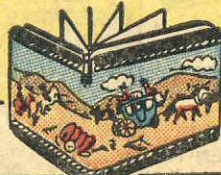
ONLY
\$ **1.98**

PLUS
FEDERAL
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Mus approx 3/4 size
actual size 3 1/8 by
8 3/4 when opened
Leathercraft wallets
come to you from the
heart of the
leather goods in-
dustry, making this
low price possible.

INCLUDING
A PATENTED
**SECRET
POCKET**
AT NO EXTRA
COST

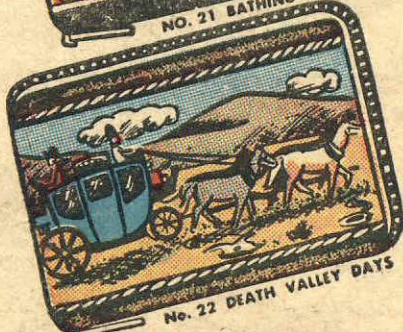
Hand colored scene extends the full
length of the wallet!



It's a fact! You get this beautiful coin
holder, feature-packed wallet by mail
for only 1.98! Each wallet is saddle
finished, gorgeously embossed and
hand colored with colors that won't
rub off! Each has a quality, smooth-
sliding zipper that completely seals the
wallet! And here are the big EXTRAS
—a patented "change maker" coin
holder plus the most mysterious secret
pocket ever made — to hide your
precious papers and money from pry-
ing eyes.

**JUST LOOK
..AT THESE
FEATURES!!**

- PATENTED COIN HOLDER ● PATENTED SECRET POCKET!
- Smooth-sliding zipper ● Beautifully hand-colored scenes
- Identification card ● Roomy currency compartment
- Built-in change purse ● 8 picture and pass windows.



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WONDERFUL
GIFT!**

Here's the perfect gift for boy or
girl, man or woman. Choose the
scene that best expresses his or
her personality. And remember
—every scene is gorgeously
hand-colored in as many as
8 different colors. What
a gift! What a
bargain!

**SEND NO
MONEY
ORDER NOW!**

SECRET POCKET KNOWN ONLY TO YOU KEEPS PRECIOUS
PAPERS AND MONEY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES!

The LEATHERCRAFT CO.
Dept. N12-7,
386 Main Ave.,
Clifton, N. J.

GENTLEMEN:
By return mail, rush me my hand colored, coin holder zipper billfold containing
the patented SECRET POCKET. Upon arrival, I will pay the postman 1.98 plus
federal tax, postage and C.O.D. charges. If I am not fully satisfied, I can return
the billfold within ten days for a full refund.

My Billfold Selection is _____ (Style No. & Title)
If ordering more than one, state how many and style numbers _____
MY NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____